

NINE

# NINE

## The Musical

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Book by Arthur Kopit  
Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston

Adaptation from the Italian by Mario Fratti

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Garden City, New York

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*Lyrics by Maury Yeston*  
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*Design by Laurene Femister-Muller*

*Nine* opened at the 46th Street Theatre on May 9, 1982. It was produced by Michel Stuart, Harvey J. Klaris, Roger S. Berlind, James M. Nederlander, Francene LeFrak and Kenneth D. Greenblatt.

<i>Directed by Tommy Tune</i>	<i>Costumes by William Ivey Long</i>
<i>Scenery by Lawrence Miller</i>	<i>Musical Supervision &amp; Orchestrations by Jonathan Tunick</i>
<i>Lighting by Marcia Madeira</i>	<i>Choral Composition &amp; Musical Continuity by Maury Yeston</i>
<i>Musical Director Wally Harper</i>	<i>Sound by Jack Mann</i>
<i>Dances by Thommie Walsh</i>	<i>Hair Design by Michael Gottfried</i>
<i>Musical Conductor Vincent Fanuele</i>	
<i>Adaptation from the Italian by Mario Fratti</i>	

Presented in association with Shulamith & Michael N. Appell, Jerry Wexler and Michel Kleinman Productions.

An initial staged reading of NINE was held at the Composer / Librettist Conference at the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Center.

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## THE OPENING NIGHT PLAYERS

GUIDO CONTINI	<i>Raul Julia</i>
GUIDO AT AN EARLY AGE	<i>Cameron Johann</i>
LUISA	<i>Karen Akers</i>
CARLA	<i>Anita Morris</i>
CLAUDIA	<i>Shelly Burch</i>
GUIDO'S MOTHER	<i>Taina Elg</i>
LILIANE LA FLEUR	<i>Liliane Montevocchi</i>
LINA DARLING	<i>Laura Kenyon</i>
STEPHANIE NECROPHORUS	<i>Stephanie Cotsirilos</i>
OUR LADY OF THE SPA	<i>Kate Dezina</i>
MAMA MADDELENA, CHIEF OF CHAMBERMAIDS	<i>Camille Saviola</i>
SARRAGHINA	<i>Kathi Moss</i>

### THE ITALIANS:

MARIA	<i>Jeanie Bowers</i>
A VENETIAN GONDOLIER	<i>Colleen Dodson</i>
GIULIETTA	<i>Louise Edeiken</i>
ANNABELLA	<i>Nancy McCall</i>
FRANCESCA	<i>Kim Criswell</i>
DIANA	<i>Cynthia Meryl</i>
RENATA	<i>Rita Rehn</i>

### THE GERMANS:

GRETCHEN VON KRUPF	<i>Lulu Downs</i>
HEIDI VON STURM	<i>Linda Kerns</i>
OLGA VON STURM	<i>Dee Etta Rowe</i>
ILSA VON HESSE	<i>Alaina Warren Zachary</i>

### YOUNG GUIDO'S SCHOOLMATES:

<i>Jadrien Steele</i>
<i>Patrick Wilcox</i>
<i>Christopher Evans Allen</i>

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## THE MUSICAL NUMBERS

### *ACT I*

Not Since Chaplin	Company
Guido's Song	Guido
The Germans At The Spa	Mama Maddelena, Italians, Germans
My Husband Makes Movies	Luisa
A Call From The Vatican	Carla
Only With You	Guido
Folies Bergeres	Liliane La Fleur, Stephanie Necrophorus and Company
Nine	Guido's Mother and Company
Ti Voglio Bene / Be Italian	Sarraghina, Boys and Company
The Bells of St. Sebastian	Guido, Boys and Company

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**ACT II**

A Man Like You / Unusual Way /  
Duet

Claudia and Guido

The Grand Canal:

Guido and Company

Contini Submits / The Grand Canal /  
Tarantella / Every Girl in Venice /  
Marcia Di Ragazzi / Recitativo /  
Amor / Recitativo / Only You / Finale

Simple

Carla

Be On Your Own

Luisa

I Can't Make This Movie

Guido

Getting Tall

Young Guido

Reprise:

Guido

Nine / Long Ago

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## INTRODUCTION

*Nine* began in 1973 as a writer's project in Lehman Engel's BMI Musical Theatre Workshop. Unlike actors' workshops in which, typically, scenes and plays are read and performed, Engel's workshop was designed primarily as a symposium for writers of theatre songs. Composer-lyricists were urged to adapt pieces that could allow expansion of plot, character, and place, since musicals often flourish from the need to change, enlarge, and re-order the works that inspire them.

"8½," Fellini's masterful essay on a film director's interior life and work, seemed an ideal starting point for such a project. For me, Nino Rota's score loomed as an accomplishment equal to Fellini's. Indeed, the film characteristically relies upon music to portray the inner state of the protagonist. When music is not doing that, it accompanies moments of dance, or it is present as an actual orchestra, citing Wagner and Rossini in appropriate parentheses. In short, Fellini's film was already half a musical, or so it seemed, and in its extraordinary transitions between visual and thematic motifs its composition seemed more akin to a piece of music or to a ritual than to a linear narrative. And it was funny. And touching. And its main character, Guido—with his fantasies, flashbacks, and extra-marital preoccupations—was unique in literary fiction.

From 1973 to 1976 NINE became a score in progress, one that continually attempted to answer questions posed by the film: What are the women thinking? Why has Guido's wife not left him? What would Saraghina say to the little boys, if she had words as she danced? What (in a song) does Guido want? (Answer: *everything*.) Is there, as a through-line, a love story?

Many of these questions began to be answered in music and lyrics, perhaps, in retrospect, too many initially; for musical theatre, even more than film, must be utterly collaborative. NINE required Mario Fratti's contribution as dramatist, and ultimately Tommy Tune's and Arthur Kopit's particular gifts before it could be made to work—i.e., before the composer-lyricist could be put firmly in his humble place as part of a team. Only then could an evening of theatre be shaped from the songs and the ideas.

Both Mr. Kopit and Mr. Tune have been graciously kind to the initial inspiration. I urge the reader to delight in the sheer musicality of Mr. Kopit's book, presented here below. And Mr. Tune, in his bountiful rendering of the piece on stage, has, I think, turned the disadvantage of a naive composer's tendency to concertize, to a unique advantage for us all by presenting Guido and his women as a conductor and his orchestra.

MAURY YESTON  
Woodbridge, Connecticut

NINE

# ACT ONE

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## ACT ONE

*Lights up on a large white-tiled room; enormous windows in the rear. Around the room there are white-tiled boxes. The place bears a resemblance to a steam bath in a sanatorium or to a spa. The sky is visible beyond. The sense is conveyed of a dreamspace—perhaps one by Magritte or De Chirico.*

*Sitting on a box downstage is GUIDO CONTINI, the renowned film director. Nearby is his wife LUISA. LUISA is talking to GUIDO, but GUIDO's mind is elsewhere.*

LUISA: Guido, are you listening to me? I said he was someone I hadn't seen in *years*. Anyway, he was very interested to hear I was married to you. He said, "What's it like being married to Guido Contini?"

*(A woman's sensuous laugh is heard from offstage. LUISA continues to talk, but in Italian and softer—the focus of our attention shifting now to the woman about to enter GUIDO's thoughts: CARLA)*

CARLA: *(Entering saucily, unnoticed by LUISA)* Oh, Guido, Guido, Guido! Just to think of him my heart *comincia fare boomp-boomp*—you should feel it. Guido *e mio amore*. It's true. What's more, I know Guido *e completamente innamorato di me!* That's because I know what Guido really needs. I am what



Guido really needs. Oh if only my husband would give me a divorce—then Guido could get *his* divorce, and we could get married!

(CARLA, along with LUISA, continues to speak as STEPHANIE NECROPHOROS enters. As always, LUISA never notices any of these other women because they are in GUIDO's mind)

STEPHANIE: Guido Contini is a charlatan! To see a film directed by Contini is to experience a world—no, not a world, a *conceit* out of touch with reality. Oh, I know most of you think Contini is a genius. A cantaloupe is a genius compared to Contini! (*From offstage, a clap of hands is heard*) Ah, forgive me, I'm not used to being a film producer. I'm used to being a critic.

(STEPHANIE beckons, and LILIANE LA FLEUR, the film producer and former Folies star, enters with a flourish)

LILIANE: Bon soir! I have not always been an intellectual!

(As LILIANE strolls across the stage, chatting in French with various members of the audience, the rest of the women in GUIDO's life and mind enter. Soon we are seeing GUIDO's two prime realities: his wife and his imagination.

*But the women in his mind threaten to take over; GUIDO's control is in jeopardy. So he rises like a conductor and takes to his box as if it were a podium. Indeed, he even raises a baton and brings the women to silence and attention.*

*After the downbeat, the women, accompanied by GUIDO's imagined orchestra, sing the overture)*

LUISA: (*As the overture comes to an end*) Guido, I have to tell you, this is just not my idea of a successful marriage.

(GUIDO conducts a chord)

GUIDO: What?

LUISA: You told me we were going to spend the evening *talking!* I don't think you've heard a word I've said all night!

GUIDO: Luisa, that's not true. I've heard everything you've said. Everything. (*He conducts another chord*)

LUISA: What I miss most, I think, is honesty.

GUIDO: Luisa, darling, believe me, I think you are the most honest woman I have ever met.

LUISA: (*Coldly*) Thank you. (GUIDO conducts another chord) Guido, how would you like a divorce?

GUIDO: (*His mind on his women's orchestra*) What?

LUISA: Because if you don't change your ways, I am going to *leave* you!

(*That gets through. GUIDO quiets his women*)

GUIDO: Luisa, darling, listen, this is not a good moment in my life.

LUISA: Nor in mine!

GUIDO: As it happens, at this moment I have a great many things on my mind.

LUISA: (*Like ice*) I can imagine.

CARLA: (*Rising saucily and singing*) AHHHHHHH . . . !

GUIDO: (*Panicking*) Down! Get down!

LUISA: (*As CARLA gets down*) Guido, are you paying attention to me?

GUIDO: Absolutely!

LILIANE: Contini! Are you trying to avoid me?

GUIDO: Absolutely not!

LILIANE: I certainly hope not.

(*LILIANE signals to LINA, her mysterious accomplice. LINA points a small gun at GUIDO, who raises his arms in panic*)

GUIDO'S MOTHER: (*Sings*)

GUIDO!

GUIDO: Mama!

(*LITTLE GUIDO enters on a run*)

GUIDO'S MOTHER: (*Looking at LITTLE GUIDO*) Guido, where are you running to?

(*LITTLE GUIDO runs over to her and hugs her. Big GUIDO hugs himself, his eyes shut, smiling at the memory*)

GUIDO: Mama, Mama, Mama—

LUISA: (*With alarm*) Guido, are you all right?

GUIDO: Of course I'm all right! Why do you always ask me that? I am not a child! I am a mature Italian film director! And as such, perfectly capable of conducting my own affairs! (*His orchestra laughs mockingly*) Ssssh! (*GUIDO turns to LUISA*) Luisa, listen, I've got an idea. Why don't we go away together? You know, someplace quiet, where I can clear my mind. And live like a monk.

(*Music. Venice begins to appear through the portals at the rear. OUR LADY OF THE SPA comes forward with an enticing, soothing smile*)

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: Here in Venice, at Fontane di Luna, Europe's most exclusive spa, rejuvenation awaits you!

GUIDO: A spa! That's where we'll go! *Fontane di Luna!*

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: At Fontane di Luna there are waters fed by springs coming from somewhere deep, deep down—springs of purity and health, springs renowned for their amazing restorative powers.

GUIDO: It's what I *need!*

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: With these mysterious waters we caress and soothe—

GUIDO: (*To LUISA, trying to charm her*) I can lie in a tub! Up to here! And only *you* will know who I am.

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: Emerging from your tub, you will find us waiting to embrace you with soft, warm linen towels.

(GUIDO *begs LUISA with his eyes*)

LUISA: All right. But it's the last chance I'm giving you.

GUIDO: It's all I ask! All I need!

(*Music. Venice becomes clearer. We are at the spa*)

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: The spa was built in 1443 by Michelozzo as the summer residence of the notorious Pope Innocenti III, better known to history as Il Bastardo. The miraculous mineral fountain around which the palazzo was constructed is over here in the garden.

LUISA: It looks a bit like a convent school I once went to.

GUIDO: It looks like my old parochial school.

(GUIDO starts to hide his face with his scarf)

LUISA: Guido, what are you doing?

GUIDO: Making sure no one recognizes me. A lot of very famous people come to this place, you know.

LUISA: Guido—

GUIDO: What?

LUISA: If you don't want to be recognized, why don't we go to a spa that's less well known?

GUIDO: Because . . . if I did *that*, people would get the idea that I'm *hiding*!

FIRST REPORTER: Guarda! It's Guido Contini!

GUIDO: Oh my God!

GUIDO AND LUISA: (*Together*) Reporters!

REPORTERS AND SPA PEOPLE: Guido Contini! Guido Contini! Guido Contini is here at the spa. (*Sing*)

NOT SINCE CHARLIE CHAPLIN HAS THERE  
EVER BEEN  
A FILM DIRECTOR LIKE THIS—GUIDO  
CONTINI!

GUIDO: This is not what I wanted.

REPORTERS AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing*)

EVERYTHING HE DOES GETS WORLD  
ATTENTION  
WHETHER IT'S A HIT OR A MISS—GUIDO  
CONTINI!

GUIDO: (*To LUISA*) There's something I forgot to tell you.

FIRST REPORTER: What're you doing here, Guido?

SECOND REPORTER: Is it true your next project is in trouble?

THIRD REPORTER: We understand your producer's suing  
you for breach of contract!

GUIDO: Please! One at a time! No one's suing me! And  
what makes anyone think my next project is in trouble?

REPORTERS AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing*)

HE WRITES THE SCRIPT!

GUIDO: It's going to be wonderful!

REPORTERS AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing*)

HE WRITES THE SCORE!

GUIDO: Make a lot of money!

REPORTERS AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing*)

HE'S THE DIRECTOR!

GUIDO: Win a lot of prizes!

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REPORTERS AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing*)

AND EVEN MORE  
HE'S A CONSUMMATE ACTOR!

GUIDO: Thank you. That's very kind of you.

LUISA: (*Icily*) *What* next project?

GUIDO: I was going to tell you this evening.

SECOND REPORTER: So what's your new film about, Guido?

GUIDO: I do not discuss a script till I've finished writing it!

THIRD REPORTER: Your producer claims you haven't even started it.

GUIDO: That's ridiculous! Where is she?

THIRD REPORTER: In Paris.

SECOND REPORTER: Trying to find you.

FIRST REPORTER: Does your wife know you're traveling with this woman? (*She gestures toward LUISA*)

GUIDO: This *is* my wife.

(*CARLA appears from a hiding place*)

CARLA: (*Sings*)

GUIDO . . . !

GUIDO: Carla! My God! What're you doing here in Venice?

(*He sneaks away from LUISA and pulls CARLA aside*)

CARLA: I had to see you right away. I'm staying at the Albergo Caldo, numero cinque-cinque—

GUIDO: Cinque-cinque.

CARLA: I have wonderful news. I'll be waiting!

*(They return to their former positions)*

LUISA: Guido, was that Carla?

GUIDO: Carla? No-no my love—I told you, that's all over with.

CLAUDIA: *(Appearing as if in a dream, sings)*

GUIDO . . . !

GUIDO: *Claudia!* I've been trying to reach you! I need you for my film!

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: Signor Contini, telephone, line seven; it's from Paris!

GUIDO: Claudia?

LILIANE LA FLEUR: No, it's Liliane La Fleur, your producer. Remember me?

GUIDO: *(Gloomily)* Oh yes.

LILIANE: I still haven't seen a script! What are you doing in Venice?

GUIDO: Well, I'm, I'm . . . *(Thinking fast)* scouting locations!

LILIANE: I see! That must mean the film's going to be *shot* in Venice. Thanks for telling me. I'll see you tomorrow.



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GUIDO: (*Even more gloomily*) Wonderful.

REPORTERS AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing*)

NO TASK TOO BIG!

GUIDO: So she's coming *here!*

REPORTERS AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing*)

NO TASK TOO SMALL!

GUIDO: Now what do I do?

REPORTERS AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing*)

HE SKETCHES COSTUMES!

GUIDO: (*Brightly*) I'll go to Paris!

REPORTERS AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing*)

AND THAT'S NOT ALL  
HE WRITES THE SUBTITLES!

(*GUIDO rejects the Paris idea*)

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: Signor Contini, telephone, line five,  
it's the Hollywood reporter!

GUIDO: Luisa, please help me! (*To REPORTERS*) If you don't  
mind, no more questions. I'll hold a press conference  
tomorrow.

(*All leave, except for GUIDO*)

GUIDO: (*Sings "Guido's Song"*)

I WOULD LIKE TO BE HERE, I WOULD LIKE  
TO BE THERE,

I WOULD LIKE TO BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE.  
I KNOW THAT'S A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS,  
AND IT'S A PROBLEM, ESPECIALLY WHEN  
MY BODY'S CLEARING FORTY AS MY MIND IS  
NEARING TEN.

I CAN HARDLY STAY UP, AND I CAN'T GET TO  
SLEEP,  
AND I DON'T WANT TO WAKE TOMORROW  
MORNING  
AT THE BOTTOM OF SOME HEAP,  
BUT WHY TAKE IT SO SERIOUSLY?  
AFTER ALL, THERE'S NOTHING AT  
STAKE HERE—ONLY ME.

I WANT TO BE YOUNG, AND I WANT TO BE  
OLD.  
I WOULD LIKE TO BE WISE BEFORE MY TIME  
AND YET BE FOOLISH AND BRASH AND BOLD.  
I WOULD LIKE THE UNIVERSE TO GET DOWN  
ON ITS KNEES  
AND SAY, "GUIDO, WHATEVER YOU PLEASE,  
IT'S OKAY. EVEN IF IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, WE'LL  
ARRANGE IT."  
THAT'S ALL THAT I WANT.

I AM LUSTING FOR MORE. SHOULD I SETTLE  
FOR LESS?  
I ASK YOU, WHAT'S A GOOD THING FOR, IF  
NOT FOR TAKING IT TO EXCESS?  
ONE LIMITATION I DEARLY REGRET,  
THERE'S ONLY ONE OF ME I'VE EVER MET.

I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE ANOTHER ME TO  
TRAVEL ALONG WITH MYSELF.  
I WOULD EVEN LIKE TO BE ABLE TO SING A  
DUET WITH MYSELF.

I WOULD LIKE TO BE HERE (SING ALONG  
WITH MYSELF IN A SONG)  
TO BE THERE (WALKING DOWN A LANE NOW,  
EVERYWHERE)  
EVERYWHERE (EVERYWHERE. THAT'S A  
CONTRADICTION IN TERMS. I WANT TO BE)  
HERE (WITH A COUNTER-)  
HERE (MELODY IN THE)  
HERE (TOP OF THE MORNING TO YOU, GUIDO)  
GUIDO (GUIDO)  
GUIDO (GUIDO)  
GUIDO (ME)  
ME (ME).

I WANT TO BE PROUST OR THE MARQUIS DE  
SADE,  
I WOULD LIKE TO BE CHRIST, MOHAMMED,  
BUDDHA  
BUT NOT HAVE TO BELIEVE IN GOD,  
AND YOU KNOW I MEAN IT WITH ALL OF MY  
HEART.  
IT'S THE END IF SOMETHING IMPORTANT  
DOESN'T START.

I WANT TO BE YOUNG, BUT I HAVE TO BE  
OLD.  
WHAT I WANT IS A TALE OF SOUND AND  
FURY  
THAT SOME IDIOT WENT AND TOLD.  
I WOULD LIKE THE UNIVERSE TO GET DOWN  
ON ITS KNEES  
AND SAY, "GUIDO, WHATEVER YOU PLEASE,  
IT'S OKAY.  
EVEN IF IT'S RIDICULOUS, WE'LL ARRANGE  
IT."  
SO ARRANGE IT!

ALL:

ARRANGE IT!

GUIDO:

THAT'S ALL THAT I WANT!

*Scene: Another part of the spa*

*(Enter MAMA MADDELENA, head of CHAMBERMAIDS)*

MAMA MADDELENA: Chambermaids! Everybody! Come on! Diana!

DIANA: Here oye am!

MAMA MADDELENA: Snap to! Button up! What're you, auditioning for the maestro? Where's Renata?

RENATA: Sono qui!

MAMA MADDELENA: What you doing there? Get away from there! Go get the sheets and blankets in the North Wing and bring them to the South Wing! And Maria!

MARIA: Ecco mi!

MAMA MADDELENA: Wake up! Come on! Get the pillowcases in the South Wing and bring them to the North Wing! And Giulietta! Giulietta! GIULIETTA!

GIULIETTA: Here, Mama!

MAMA MADDELENA: She *thinks* she's here. God save us! Giulietta, go help your silly sister. And Francesca!

FRANCESCA: Sí, vengo!

MAMA MADDELENA: Get the towels from the steambath and bring them to the mud bath. And don't drop them in the mud! And hurry up! They'll be here any second!

(MAMA MADDELENA and the CHAMBERMAIDS sing "*The Germans at the Spa*")

MAMA MADDELENA:

CHAMBERMAIDS:

CLEAR THE DECKS,  
BE ALERT.

WE'LL CLEAR THE  
DECKS, WE'LL BE  
ALERT.

FIX YOUR TIE, FIX  
YOUR SHIRT.

WE'LL FIX OUR TIE  
AND SHIRT.

BE PREPARED TO  
CHANGE A FOREIGN  
COIN.

DEUTSCHMARKS,  
FRANCS, KRONER,  
PFENNIGS,  
SHILLINGS.

YOU ALL KNOW WHAT  
TO DO.

WE ALL KNOW WHAT  
TO DO.

THEY'RE ON THEIR  
WAY, YOU KNOW  
WHO.

THEY'RE ON THEIR  
WAY, WE KNOW  
WHO.  
EINS, ZWEI, DREI,  
VIER, FUNF, SECHS,  
SIEBEN, ACHT, NEUN.

EINS, ZWEI, DREI,  
VIER, FUNF, SECHS,  
SIEBEN, ACHT, NEUN.

THE GERMANS AT THE SPA, THE GERMANS AT  
THE SPA,  
THEY'LL SOON BE ARRIVING HERE TO SPEND  
A LOST WEEKEND IN SHANGRI-LA.  
THE GERMANS AT THE SPA DESCEND FROM  
GERMAN MOUNTS.  
THEY'VE COME TO TAKE THE WATERS WITH  
THE DAUGHTERS OF ITALIAN COUNTS.

HOW WE LOVE TO HAVE THE GERMANS AT  
THE SPA  
CAREFULLY AVOIDING ANY SLIGHT FAUX PAS,  
FOR THE GERMANS AT THE SPA, FOR THE  
GERMANS AT THE SPA,  
FOR THE GERMAN ALLES MUST BE PERFECT.

THE GERMANS ARE COMING, THE GERMANS  
ARE COMING,  
ROLL OUT THE WIENERSCHNITZ, ROLL OUT  
THE WIENERSCHNITZ.  
THEY'LL SOON BE ARRIVING, THE SPA WILL  
BE THRIVING.  
THEY'LL COME, THEY'LL SIT, THEY'LL  
SCHVITZ.  
THEY'LL COME, THEY'LL SIT, THEY'LL  
SCHVITZ.

BE SURE THERE'S LOTS OF GERMAN MUSIC  
PLAYING.

UND WAS DU TUST IN MEINEM BRUST,  
O MEIN GELIEBTER, O MEINE HERZ, ALLE  
GELIEBTER, UND SO WEITER.

MAMA MADDELENA:

CHAMBERMAIDS:

GO MOW THE LAWNS.

I'LL MOW THE  
LAWNS.

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GO COOL THE BEER.

I'LL COOL THE BEER.

GO SHELL THE  
PRAWNS.

I'LL SHELL THE  
PRAWNS.

I THINK THEY'RE  
HERE.

THEY'RE HERE.

(GERMANS)

VE'RE HERE, VE'RE HERE,  
THE GERMANS AT THE SPA, THE GERMANS AT  
THE SPA.

WE JUST GOT IN A MINUTE AGO, 'CAUSE  
GERMANY IS FILLED WITH SNOW.  
TOGETHER NOW HURRAH FOR THE GERMANS  
AT THE SPA.

(MAMA MADDELENA)

OF ANYTHING THEY COULD HAVE CHOSEN,  
WHY DO THEY WEAR LEDERHOSEN?

(GERMANS)

HOW VE LOVE TO SPIELEN AT OUR FAVORITE  
SPA,  
CAREFULLY AVOIDING ALL THE FRENCH  
BOURGEOIS,  
FOR THE GERMANS AT THE SPA, FOR THE  
GERMANS AT THE SPA,  
FOR THE GERMANS ALLES MUST BE GERMAN.

THE GERMANS ARE LAUGHING, VE'RE ALL  
PHOTOGRAPHING,  
VE CLICK THE HASSELBLAD, VE CLICK THE  
HASSELBLAD,

UND JETZT VE'RE UNPACKING. IF NOTHING IS  
LACKING,  
VE TAKE A PROMENADE, VE TAKE A  
PROMENADE.

AND VOT'S THAT LOVELY MUSIC I HEAR  
PLAYING?  
UND WAS DU TUST IN MEINEM BRUST,  
O MEIN GELIEBTER, O MEINE HERZ, ALLE  
GELIEBTER, UND SO WEITER

(*One* GERMAN)

JUST VUNCE A YEAR I CAN ROMANCE  
BENEATH THE DANCE OF AN ITALIAN  
APRICOT MOON,

(*Another* GERMAN)

UND VUNCE A YEAR I CAN BE MORE THAN  
JUST ANOTHER TYCOON.  
TOO SOON THIS ALL SHALL PASS.

(ITALIANS)

THE GERMANS AT THE SPA  
ARE EATING HALEVAH  
AND CLOSING A DEAL FOR OIL WITH  
A NOTED MIDDLE EASTERN SHAH.

(GERMANS)

VE EXERCISE BY DAY,  
AT NIGHT ROMANTIC PLAY,  
I'M DANCING WITH ISOLDE. WHEN I  
HOLD 'ER EVERYTHING'S O.K.

(ITALIANS)

HOW WE LOVE TO SEE THE GERMANS AT THE  
SPA.



(GERMANS)

(HOW WE LOVE TO BE THE GERMANS AT THE  
SPA.)

(ALL)

FOR THE GERMANS AT THE SPA, FOR THE  
GERMANS AT THE SPA,  
FOR THE GERMANS ITALY IS HEAVEN.

(GERMANS)

(THE GERMANS ARE COMING *etc.*) JUST VUNCE  
A YEAR  
WE HAVE A CHANCE TO FIND ROMANCE  
BENEATH THE DANCE  
OF AN ITALIAN LOVER'S MOON.  
UND VUNCE A YEAR WE CAN BE ABSOLUTELY  
FREE  
AS IF WE'RE FLOATING LIKE A HELIUM  
BALLOON.

(ITALIANS)

BE SURE THERE'S LOTS OF GERMAN MUSIC  
PLAYING,  
HOW WE LOVE TO HAVE THE GERMANS AT  
THE SPA!

*(The music ends with a crash of the cymbals. LILIANE  
LA FLEUR rises ominously, as music for LILIANE's entrance  
is heard. She comes forward as GUIDO moves about the  
spa grounds watching the GERMANS exercising)*

LILIANE: Contini! Where are you?

GUIDO: Oh no! Madame La Fleur!

(*Others clear. LILIANE LA FLEUR comes downstage. GUIDO slinks away. She stalks forward*)

LILIANE LA FLEUR: (*To audience*) All right! So I hear Contini is in Venice, so I come to Venice—I'm paying for this film. I've a right to see it being made, don't you think? I would think. So I go to his room and find a note pinned to the door: "Go to the mud bath." So I go to the mud bath and find a note with my name on it sticking out of the mud: "Go to the steambath." So I go to the steambath. In the steambath I find yet another note! "Go to the garden."

(*LILIANE freezes, glowering*)

GUIDO: (*To a group of German tourists*) Ah, Frauleins! Tell me, how would you like to be in a film?

GERMANS: (*Together*) Film!

GUIDO: Ya! Film! Film! Starring roles! All you have to do is give me an *idea* for one!

(*GUIDO and GERMANS freeze*)

LILIANE: (*To audience*) Now I am in the garden and I find still another note! "Go back to the steambath." Well, I have to tell you, I am not pleased with this reception. (*She stalks off, murder in her eyes*)

*Scene: The lobby of the Spa. LUISA is surrounded by REPORTERS.*

REPORTERS: (*Sing*)

NOT SINCE CHARLIE CHAPLIN  
HAS THERE EVER BEEN A FILM DIRECTOR  
LIKE THIS

FIRST REPORTER: Mrs. Contini, is there any truth to the rumor that your marriage is in jeopardy?

LUISA: None whatsoever.

SECOND REPORTER: What about your husband's friendship with Carla Albanese?

LUISA: My husband has many friends.

THIRD REPORTER: When was the last time he saw Claudia Nardi?

LUISA: I have no idea.

THIRD REPORTER: Three years ago, in Mallorca—?

LUISA: That was gossip.

SECOND REPORTER: But in the *public's* mind—

LUISA: Please! When will you understand? (*Sings*)

MY HUSBAND MAKES MOVIES.  
TO MAKE THEM HE LIVES A KIND OF DREAM  
IN WHICH HIS ACTIONS AREN'T ALWAYS  
WHAT THEY SEEM.  
HE MAY BE ON TO SOME UNIQUE ROMANTIC  
THEME.  
SOME MEN CATCH FISH, SOME MEN TIE  
FLIES,  
SOME EARN THEIR LIVING BAKING BREAD.  
MY HUSBAND, HE GOES A LITTLE CRAZY  
MAKING MOVIES INSTEAD.

MY HUSBAND SPINS FANTASIES,  
HE LIVES THEM, THEN GIVES THEM TO YOU  
ALL.

WHEN HE WAS WORKING ON THE FILM ON  
ANCIENT ROME,  
HE MADE THE SLAVE GIRLS TAKE THE  
GLADIATORS HOME.  
SOME MEN BUY STOCKS, SOME MEN PUNCH  
CLOCKS,  
SOME LEAP WHERE OTHERS FEAR TO TREAD.  
MY HUSBAND, AS AUTHOR AND DIRECTOR,  
MAKES UP STORIES IN HIS HEAD.

*(To herself)*

GUIDO CONTINI, LUISA CONTINI,  
NUMBER ONE GENIUS AND NUMBER ONE FAN,  
GUIDO CONTINI, LUISA CONTINI,  
DAUGHTER OF WELL-TO-DO FLORENTINE  
CLAN,  
LONG AGO, TWENTY YEARS AGO,  
ONCE THE NAMES WERE GUIDO CONTINI,  
LUISA DEL FORNO,  
ACTRESS WITH DREAMS AND A LIFE OF HER  
OWN,  
PASSIONATE, WILD, AND IN LOVE IN LIVORNO,  
SINGING WITH GUIDO ALL NIGHT ON THE  
PHONE.  
LONG AGO, SOMEONE ELSE AGO, HOW HE  
NEEDS ME SO,  
AND HE'LL BE THE LAST TO KNOW IT.

*(To REPORTERS again)*

MY HUSBAND MAKES MOVIES.  
TO MAKE THEM, HE MAKES HIMSELF  
OBSESSED.  
HE WORKS FOR WEEKS ON END WITHOUT A  
BIT OF REST,  
NO OTHER WAY CAN HE ACHIEVE HIS LEVEL  
BEST.

SOME MEN READ BOOKS, SOME SHINE THEIR  
SHOES,  
SOME RETIRE EARLY WHEN THEY'VE SEEN  
THE EVENING NEWS.  
MY HUSBAND ONLY RARELY COMES TO BED,  
MY HUSBAND MAKES MOVIES INSTEAD,  
MY HUSBAND . . . MAKES MOVIES . . .

FIRST REPORTER: Thank you very much, Mrs. Contini.

*(The song ends, as a flashbulb goes off in LUISA's face)*

*(Enter GUIDO)*

GUIDO: I've got to get out of here! Luisa?

LUISA: I'm in the bedroom.

GUIDO: *(Arriving in the bedroom)* Luisa, darling, listen, bad news: Have you tasted the mineral water? I think they pump it out of the Grand Canal. It will make you sick! No wonder people feel better when they leave this place. Which is what I want to do. Right now. Where's the phone book? *(He starts searching for the phone book)*

LUISA: Guido, by any chance has your producer just arrived?

GUIDO: My producer . . . my producer! Funny you should ask, I was just chatting with her in the garden. What a wonderful, warm-hearted woman she is!

LUISA: Did she like your script?

GUIDO: *(In despair)* What script?

LUISA: Oh . . . I see . . . Guido, listen, if you had no idea for a film, why'd you sign a contract?

GUIDO: Because she *offered* it to me!

CARLA: (*Sings*)

GUIDO . . .

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: Signor Contini, telephone. Go ahead.

(GUIDO *picks up the phone*)

CARLA: (*Sings*)

GUIDO . . .

I WAS LAZING AROUND MY BEDROOM WHEN  
AN IDEA OCCURRED TO ME,  
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE WONDERING  
ABOUT, GUIDO . . .

WHO'S NOT WEARING ANY CLOTHES? I'M NOT!  
MY DARLING  
WHO'S AFRAID TO KISS YOUR TOES? I'M NOT!  
YOUR MAMA DEAR IS BLOWING INTO YOUR  
EAR  
SO YOU'LL GET IT LOUD AND CLEAR,  
I NEED YOU TO SQUEEZE ME HERE . . . AND  
HERE . . . AND HERE . . .

(GUIDO *seems in pain*)

LUISA: Is something wrong?

GUIDO: What? Oh. I'm not sure. It's about my film. It's from the Vatican. Go ahead, Monsignor.

CARLA: (*Sings*)

COOTCHIE, COOTCHIE, COOTCHIE COO. I'VE  
GOT

A PLAN FOR WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YOU SO  
HOT  
YOU'RE GONNA STEAM AND SCREAM  
AND VIBRATE LIKE A STRING I'M PLUCKING.  
KISS YOUR FEVERED LITTLE BROW,  
PINCH YOUR CHEEKS TILL YOU SAY "OW!"  
AND I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SHOW YOU HOW,  
GUIDO.  
WHO WON'T CARE IF YOU COME TO ME  
TIRED AND OVERWORKED?  
I WON'T, BAMBINO.  
WHO KNOWS A THERAPY TO BEAT WHAT YOU  
CAN GET FROM ME?  
I DON'T,  
BUT THIS WILL HAVE TO BE ENOUGH FOR  
NOW, GUIDO,  
CIAO.

(*Speaking*) I love you, Guido.

(*The song ends*)

LUISA: (*Noticing that GUIDO seems stunned*) You've handled the Vatican before.

GUIDO: The Vatican? . . . Oh yes, the Vatican! But before, the Vatican didn't attack until I'd *finished* a film. What is it about me that the Church doesn't like? What, *what?*

LUISA: Guido, calm down. When are you supposed to start shooting?

GUIDO: What's today?

LUISA: Monday.

GUIDO: Friday. No, I mean really, this is no joke. The crew arrives tomorrow. We're supposed to start building the

sets, the props—*what* sets, *what* props? You know something? If I don't come up with a very good idea very quick, my career is done for, finished, kaput! (*An idea strikes*) A *Western!*

(*He tries out a Western motif with his orchestra but then discards it*)

LUISA: Well you're in a lot of trouble!

GUIDO: That's not what I needed you to say!

LUISA: What would you *like* me to say?

GUIDO: Say, "Guido, you've been in situations just as tough as this before!"

LUISA: Guido, you've been in situations just as tough as this before!

GUIDO: Really! And how did I get out of them?

LUISA: What's my next line?

GUIDO: I don't know.

LUISA: I don't either.

GUIDO: Oh my God! (*Another idea strikes*) A Bible epic! (*He tries out a Biblical motif with his orchestra; then rejects it*)

LUISA: What'd you say that made her *offer* you this contract?

GUIDO: I can't remember. A documentary? (*He decides to give that a try*) A documentary! (*He starts an African chant*)



GUIDO'S ORCHESTRA: (*Chanting with Guido*) Kumbasa,  
O Guido, kulanumbaye!

LUISA: (*She, of course, does not see the orchestra*) You  
know what I think?

GUIDO: (*Coming out of it*) What?

LUISA: I think you should take the day off.

GUIDO: Luisa, I can't! At this rate, in four days they'll shoot  
*me!*

LUISA: Guido, no one's going to shoot you. What you need  
is to *relax*. I know how hard you work. The ideas have  
to come of their *own* accord.

GUIDO: What if they don't?

LUISA: Improvise.

GUIDO: Oh yes. Wonderful. How about a film dealing with  
the last days of a director's once glorious career? It  
takes place in a spa. At the end he shoots himself.

LUISA: There you are! You see how simple?

GUIDO: Oh my God!

LUISA: Guido, we came here to relax. Trust me. (*Softer,  
seductive tone*) I've ordered a picnic lunch.

GUIDO: You've what?

LUISA: Olives. Prosciutto. Some cool white wine.

GUIDO: (*Touched*) Luisa!

LUISA: And I've rented a gondola for the day. It's enclosed

in the middle. With drapes on the windows. I thought we'd just kind of . . . drift around . . . see what comes up.

(GUIDO is clearly turned on by her)

GUIDO: Oh, Luisa! What would I do without you? (*Sings*)

BEING JUST ME IS SO EASY TO BE WHEN I'M  
ONLY WITH YOU,  
OPEN INSIDE AND WITH NOTHING TO HIDE  
FROM YOUR VIEW,  
SEEMS LONG AGO I WAS DESTINED TO KNOW,  
AND THE MOMENT I SAW YOU I KNEW  
I COULD BE TOTALLY HAPPY WITH NO ONE  
BUT YOU.

CARLA: (*Appearing*) Guido . . .

GUIDO: Carla! (*Sings to her*)

PASSIONATE NIGHT AFTER PASSIONATE NIGHT  
I GIVE OVER TO YOU.  
UTTERLY CHANGED, I'M AT EACH  
PREARRANGED RENDEZVOUS.  
LURED BY THE FIRE OF YOUR ENDLESS  
DESIRE,  
I STILL WONDER THE WAY THAT IT GREW,  
NEVER ELUSIVE, IT COMES FROM  
EXCLUSIVELY YOU.  
FINDING A SPECIAL PERSON WE CAN LOVE IS  
SO RARE,  
HOW IN THE WORLD CAN THERE BE TWO?

CLAUDIA: (*Appearing*)

GUIDO . . . !

GUIDO: Claudia! (*To her*)

SEND ME A LOVE THAT WILL MEND ME WITH  
LOVE,  
I AM DESPERATE FOR YOU.  
GIVING YOU CHASE LIKE SOME GODDESS OF  
GRACE I PURSUE.  
BLINDED BY NEED I WILL FOLLOW YOUR  
LEAD,  
MONKEY SEE, MONKEY SAY, MONKEY DO.  
TAKEN FOR GRANTED, COMPLETELY  
ENCHANTED BY YOU,  
SMALL WONDER IT SEEMS THAT MY LIFE'S  
MADE OF DREAMS  
AND OF WISHES THAT NEVER COME TRUE,  
I WOULDN'T BE LONELY IF I COULD BE ONLY  
WITH YOU

(To CARLA)

. . . AND YOU . . .

(To LUISA)

. . . AND YOU.

*Scene: Conference of women*

FIRST WOMAN: The thing about Guido is that he makes  
you feel you're the only woman who exists.

SECOND WOMAN: I ran into him once on Haymarket Street.  
We'd made love the night before. He just looked at me  
and said, "Don't I know you?"

THIRD WOMAN: "The Garden of Earthly Delights." That's  
the first film of his I ever saw. I'd never seen such pas-  
sion on the screen! When Guido kissed Claudia Nardi,  
well, I almost fainted! Really. I think it changed my  
life.

FOURTH WOMAN: I believe that's the first film he ever made.

FIFTH WOMAN: It was. No one had ever made a film like that before. It won the Gold Palm at Cannes and took first prize here at the Venice Film Festival.

FIRST WOMAN: I remember thinking on seeing it—how beautiful it would be if we could really live in a world like the one Contini had created!

SIXTH WOMAN: It was filled with such magic—such wonderment!

SEVENTH WOMAN: We were lovers once, for almost a month. I never knew anyone who seemed to need me so much.

*(Lights fade on the women, as lights up on OUR LADY OF THE SPA)*

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: We were sitting by the fountain at the spa. For a long while he said nothing, just stared into the water, and I figured he didn't want to talk, which was all right with me. Then all at once he turned and said, "What am I to do?" And I said without hesitation, "You must *choose*."

*Scene: LILIANE's suite at the spa*

GUIDO: As I see it, if we were to shoot the script I have, we would make maybe a one- or two-million-dollar profit. HOWEVER! If we delay till winter—snow! ice!—it's the environment this film really needs! We're talking ten, twelve million profit. Think it over. I myself can live with the delay.

LILIANE LA FLEUR: Thank you. One million profit is just fine.

GUIDO: (*Glumly*) Right.

LILIANE: So. Now. Could you please show me the script?

GUIDO: Unfortunately, I work in a kind of shorthand. If I were to show you what I've done, it would look like a . . . a . . . shopping list.

LILIANE: I see.

GUIDO: But then this is how I work.

LILIANE: Your last three films were flops.

GUIDO: That's only because no one came.

LILIANE: (*Not amused*) Contini, listen. I have advanced you a huge amount of money. If you are not ready when the crew arrives, not only will I sue you, but I shall see that you never work again. (*GUIDO chuckles*) Lina, darling, tell him what I did to that designer who double-crossed me when I owned the Folies Bergères. (*LINA whispers to GUIDO. He is aghast*) So. Now. Who do you have in the cast?

GUIDO: Well, so far, just these four German women. You saw them—very talented, I think. And of course, *I must have Claudia Nardi!* (*CLAUDIA comes to him, lies across his lap, seen only by him*) She's really crucial to this project. A vast audience is out there waiting! hoping! PRAYING! for us to be reunited again . . . On the screen, I mean.

LILIANE: I talked to Claudia in Paris. She told me she will not do your film unless you show her the script first.

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GUIDO: Yes, well . . . (CLAUDIA *starts stroking him*)  
. . . if she would just come to Venice . . .  
(*To CLAUDIA*) . . . Now is not a good time for this.

LILIANE: What?

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GUIDO: (*Back to reality*) If she would just come to Venice!  
I could describe her role to her. That's much better  
than seeing the script. (*To CLAUDIA*) Stop! STOP!

(CLAUDIA *moves away*)

LILIANE: Contini, are you all right?

GUIDO: Of course.

LILIANE: . . . So there really is a script.

GUIDO: Absolutely.

LILIANE: Good. From now on, you will work on it with  
my new associate producer, Stephanie Necrophoros.  
She writes for *Cahier du Cinema* under the name  
Robespierre.

(*Enter STEPHANIE NECROPHOROS*)

GUIDO: So *you* are Robespierre.

STEPHANIE: I am not an admirer of yours.

GUIDO: I've gathered.

LILIANE: I thought she would bring some objectivity to  
the project. (*To STEPHANIE*) Tell him what you think  
of his work.

STEPHANIE: I find it visually stunning, but emotionally  
inane . . . if not dishonest.

LILIANE: You see how helpful she's going to be?

GUIDO: It's staggering.

STEPHANIE: Now. If you would please tell me what your film is about, perhaps I can help you with its plot, which has always been one of your weakest points.

GUIDO: Right. Thank you, that's very generous of you. Let me see, where do I begin? (*He ponders*) At first . . . nothing. (*He ponders more*) Then . . . music! (*Music. He sings*)

THE ACTION BEGINS IN A GRAVEYARD.  
A MAN HAS BEEN BURIED ALIVE.  
HE'S SCRATCHING AND CLAWING.  
POOR FELLOW, HE'S CAUGHT IN A TERRIBLE  
CRUNCH!

HE'S FIGHTING HIS WAY TO THE SURFACE.  
IT'S LIKELY HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE.  
HE HARDLY CAN BREATHE,  
AND HE'S DESPERATE TO KEEP AN  
APPOINTMENT FOR LUNCH.

LILIANE: An appointment for lunch? That's absurd!

GUIDO: It's *humorous*!

LILIANE: It sounds depressing.

GUIDO: It does. (*Sings*)

IN FACT WE BEGIN WITH A WEDDING,  
A PROLOGUE TO WHAT I'VE DESCRIBED.  
WE'RE HAPPY AND GAY AND IN LOVE, AND  
IT'S SPRING  
AND THE TREES ARE ALL GREEN.

A TRIO OF CAPUCINE MONKEYS  
INSINUATES INTO THE FRAME.  
THEY CHATTER A BIT AND THEN ONE  
DISAPPEARS,  
BUT THE OTHERS REMAIN . . .  
HAVE I MENTIONED THE TRAIN?

LILIANE: Train?

GUIDO: Of course! There are trains in all Contini films! It's  
my signature! (*Sings*)

WITH A BOLD CLEAN MASTERSTROKE,  
A BOLD CLEAN MASTERSTROKE,  
SUDDENLY, SUDDENLY, SUDDENLY,  
SUDDENLY,  
SUDDENLY WE SEE FIRE AND SMOKE.  
WITH A BOLD CLEAN MASTERSTROKE,  
A BOLD CLEAN MASTERSTROKE,  
SUDDENLY, SUDDENLY, SUDDENLY,  
SUDDENLY,  
SUDDENLY THERE'S A TRAIN!

WITH A BOLD CLEAN MASTERSTROKE,  
A BOLD CLEAN MASTERSTROKE,  
SUDDENLY, SUDDENLY, SUDDENLY  
SUDDENLY,  
SUDDENLY ONE COLOSSAL JOKE!

AND THE MONKEYS ALL GET ON,  
THE MONKEYS ALL GET ON,  
SUDDENLY, SUDDENLY, SUDDENLY,  
SUDDENLY,  
SUDDENLY THEY'RE ALL GONE!

Ciao! (*Tries to leave*)

LILIANE: (*Calling him back*) Contini! This is not what I  
want!



GUIDO: It's not?

LILIANE: There are no trains in a spa. There are no keys in a spa. And where is le singing? Where dansing?

GUIDO: What singing? What dancing?

LILIANE: When we had lunch in Paris, you told me couldn't *wait* to do a musical!

GUIDO: A *musical*?

LILIANE: Why do you think I gave you this contract?

GUIDO: What was I drinking at this lunch?

LILIANE: (*Outdone, enraged*) Oh, madonna! Mado:  
(*Sings*)

LE CINEMA TODAY IS IN A CRISIS.  
DIRECTORS ARE SO "EXISTENTIALISTES."  
THE MOVIES ARE NOT WORTH THEIR  
ENTRANCE PRICES  
IF NO ONE SINGS A LOVE SONG WHEN  
THEY'RE KISSED.

(*Speaks*) Contini! I want a musical!

(*Sings*)

LOVE CANNOT BE LOVE WITHOUT "LE  
SINGING,"  
A STRING, A CLARINET, A SAXAPHONE,  
TAKE A LESSON FROM THIS OLD PARISIAN  
AND THE FINEST ENTERTAINMENT SHE HAS  
KNOWN.

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FOLIES BERGÈRES,  
WHAT A SHOWING OF COLOR, COSTUME, AND  
DANCING.  
NOT A MOMENT IN LIFE COULD BE MORE  
ENTRANCING  
THAN AN EVENING YOU SPEND AUX FOLIES  
BERGÈRES.

FOLIES BERGÈRES,  
NOT A SOUL IN THE WORLD COULD BE IN  
DESPAIR  
WHEN HE IS GLANCING  
AT THE FABULOUS STAGE DES FOLIES  
BERGÈRES.

THINK OF THE FOOTLIGHTS, BRIGHT AND  
GLEAMING,  
LE STRIPTEASE, LE CAN-CAN WE ALL ADORE.  
LIFE IS TOO SHORT WITHOUT DREAMING,  
AND DREAMS ARE WHAT LE CINEMA IS FOR.

FOLIES BERGÈRES (OOH LA LA)  
LA MUSIQUE ET LA DANSE, LES CHANTS, LA  
LUMIÈRE (OOH LA LA)  
LES PETITES JOLIES SEINS DES BELLES  
BOUQUETIÈRES (OOH LA LA)  
SUR LA BELLE PASSERELLE DES FOLIES  
BERGÈRES (OOH LA LA).  
PAS DE MYSTÈRE (OOH LA LA)  
LE SPECTACLE EST TOUT À FAIT DÉCOUVERT  
(OOH LA LA).

(STEPHANIE *steps forward*)

STEPHANIE: (*Sings*)

THE TROUBLE WITH CONTINI, HE'S THE KING  
OF MEDIOCRITIES,  
A SECOND-RATE DIRECTOR WHO BELIEVES  
THAT HE IS SOCRATES.

HE NEVER MAKES A "MOVIE" OR A "PICTURE"  
OR A "FLICK"  
HE MAKES "A FILM"—GET IT?—A "FILM."

A TYPICAL ITALIAN WITH HIS AUTO AND  
BIOGRAPHY,  
A MIXTURE OF CATHOLICISM, PASTA, AND  
PORNOGRAPHY,  
A SUPERFICIAL, WOMANIZING, MODERATELY  
CHARMING LATIN FRAUD.

GUIDO:

GRAZIE!

STEPHANIE:

PREGO!

AND WHAT ARE HIS MOVIES ABOUT?  
JUST BEAUTY, TRUTH, DEATH, YOUTH, LOVE,  
LIFE, ANGUISH, ANGST.  
THANKS TO HIM WE HAVE BOREDOM AT THE  
MOVIES.

GUIDO:

GRAZIE!

STEPHANIE:

PREGO!

LILIANE: (*Reclaiming spotlight*)

DARLINGS!

LILIANE:

FOLIES BERGÈRES

LA MUSIQUE  
ET LA DANSE

STEPHANIE:

THE TROUBLE WITH  
CONTINI, HE'S THE  
KING OF  
MEDIOCRITIES,

LES CHANTS, LA  
LUMIÈRE

A SECOND-RATE  
DIRECTOR  
WHO BELIEVES THAT  
HE IS SOCRATES.  
HE NEVER MAKES A  
MOVIE OR A  
PICTURE OR  
A FLICK; HE MAKES  
A FILM—GET IT?—A  
FILM!

LES PETITES JOLIES  
SIENS  
DES BELLES  
BOUQUETIÈRES

A TYPICAL ITALIAN  
WITH HIS AUTO AND  
BIOGRAPHY,  
A MIXTURE OF  
CATHOLICISM,  
PASTA, AND  
PORNOGRAPHY,  
A SUPERFICIAL  
WOMANIZING  
MODERATELY

SUR LA BELLE  
PASSERELLE  
DES FOLIES  
BERGÈRES  
  
PAS DE MYSTÈRE  
LE SPECTACLE EST  
TOUT À FAIT  
DÉCOUVERT  
ET PAS TROP CHÈRES

CHARMING LATIN  
FRAUD,  
AND WHAT ARE HIS  
MOVIES ABOUT?  
JUST BEAUTY, TRUTH,  
DEATH, YOUTH,  
LOVE, LIFE, ANGUISH,  
ANGST.  
THANKS TO HIM WE  
HAVE BOREDOM AT  
THE MOVIES.

VIENS CE SOIR AVEC  
MOI  
AUX FOLIES  
BERGÈRES

VIENS CE SOIR AVEC  
MOI  
AUX FOLIES  
BERGÈRES

*(All freeze. LILIANE opens the gift box, pulls out one end of a feather boa that she eventually trails over forty-six feet of passerelle, delighted with "des plumes")*

LILIANE: Regard! C'est des plumes! I love it!

*(She dances with the boa, wrapping herself in it. A waltz; then all join in a can-can)*

ALL:

FOLIES BERGÈRES—THE MUSIC, THE LIGHTS,  
AND THE LAUGHTER,  
THE ANSWER TO WHAT YOU ARE AFTER  
EACH NIGHT AT THE FOLIES BERGÈRES.

LILIANE: *(To GUIDO)*

FOLIES BERGÈRES,  
TO YOUR MODERN IDEAS I SIMPLY COMPARE  
ONE DERRIÈRE!

ALL:

AT THE FOLIES BERGÈRES  
THE ANSWER TO WHAT YOU ARE AFTER,  
THE MUSIC, THE LIGHTS, AND THE LAUGHTER  
OF THE FOLIES BERGÈRES!

LILIANE: So! There you are! That is what I want!

GUIDO: You're joking.

LILIANE: No, I'm not joking! When you signed the contract, you signed to do a musical! I want le singing! I want le dancing! I want a musical! *Do it!*

*(Blackout)*

*Scene: In the catacombs of the spa*

*(Eerie light)*

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: *(To GUIDO)* It's the oldest part of the spa. Rumor has it that several saints are buried in these catacombs. It offers the Cardinal the kind of privacy he needs when he comes for the baths . . . Don't take too long; he isn't well. Your Eminence, Signor Contini is here.

GUIDO: I am very grateful for your granting me this visit.

CARDINAL: What can I do for you?

GUIDO: Do you believe in God?

CARDINAL: Of course I believe in God.

GUIDO: So do I. Are you ever scared?

CARDINAL: Of course. All the time.

GUIDO: So am I. What sort of things cheer you up?

CARDINAL: Excuse me, are you a Catholic?

GUIDO: Oh yes. Very much so. Not as much as I would like to be, or as much as *you* would like me to be, I'm sure. But I'm certainly trying.

CARDINAL: Try harder.

GUIDO: Well I don't know how! Father, look, I'm confused. I've reached a point in my life where I don't really know which way to turn anymore.

CARDINAL: Which way to turn?

GUIDO: Yes, which way to turn. And it's affecting me in peculiar ways. Father, I have been seeing things of late —people, visions. Sometimes they remind me of my early days in school, and I think that what I'm seeing must be the work of the Devil.

*(A nun and four boys pass in the background)*

CARDINAL: My son, if you can believe in a world in which you can see the Devil, surely you must also believe in the existence of a world in which you can see an angel.

*(The nun and boys exit. GUIDO'S MOTHER appears)*

GUIDO'S MOTHER: *(Sings)*

GUIDO . . .

GUIDO: Mama . . . !

GUIDO'S MOTHER: *(Sings)*

CARO MIO . . .

GUIDO'S AUNTS: *(Sing)*

CARO MIO . . .

GUIDO'S MOTHER AND AUNTS: *(Sing "Nine")*

TIME TO COME OUT OF YOUR BATH,  
WRAP YOU UP IN A MOTHER'S LOVE,  
TAKE A TOWEL AND DRY YOUR LITTLE HEAD.

TIME TO COME OUT IN THE AIR,  
SLEEPY PUP IN YOUR MOTHER'S ARMS,  
PLANT A KISS ON YOUR LIPS AND PUT YOU TO  
BED.

NINE, GUIDO,  
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.  
NINE, GUIDO,  
SO MUCH TO DO.

TIME TO START OUT ON YOUR OWN,  
OPEN UP TO A BRAND NEW WORLD,  
TIME TO LEAVE EARLY DREAMS AND LIVE  
THEM INSTEAD.

NINE, GUIDO,  
NINE MONTHS OF THE YEAR TO MAKE YOU  
APPEAR  
NINTH IN A FAMILY OF NINE,  
NINTH GRANDCHILD,  
NINTH SON,  
NINTH . . . BUT NUMBER ONE.

TIME TO COME OUT OF YOUR EGG,  
CRACK IT OPEN, AND SHOW YOUR FACE

*(As GUIDO has moved into the lap of LUISA, the aunts have wrapped LITTLE GUIDO and placed him into the lap of MAMA)*

DON'T CONCEAL WHAT YOU FEEL,  
LET IT SHINE . . .  
THAT YOU'D ALWAYS LIKE TO BE ALWAYS  
NINE.

*(Blackout. Light up on CARLA)*

CARLA: Guido, this is not my idea of a successful relationship! *(GUIDO looks up)* Four days I've been here now, and you haven't come to see me once. I thought you loved me.

GUIDO: *(Half asleep in LUISA's lap)* I do. I do!



CARLA: Well, obviously not enough. I think I'm going to kill myself.

GUIDO: (*Suddenly awake*) No! No! I'll be right over!  
(*Rising*) Luisa, darling, listen, I'm going out for a while. Clear my head. Maybe some ideas will—

LUISA: *Clothes.*

GUIDO: What?

LUISA: Bring her some clothes.

GUIDO: Bring who some clothes?

LUISA: Carla. Isn't that who called you before?

GUIDO: Carla? . . . No! Whatever gave you such an idea?  
I told you, that's all over with . . . Anyway, why would I want to bring her some clothes?

LUISA: So when you're seen with her, she won't look so . . . *tacky.*

GUIDO: You think she looks "tacky"?

LUISA: But perhaps that's what you like.

GUIDO: Now wait a second!

LUISA: Look, I think you'd better hurry. Maybe this time she really *will* kill herself.

GUIDO: *What are you talking about?*

LUISA: Well, I don't think you've been to see her since we got here. Which means she must be due for another suicide threat.

GUIDO: You really think she's here.

LUISA: Well, perhaps I'm wrong.

GUIDO: Yes, *very* wrong! You do me a terrible disservice!  
I can't believe this lack of trust! I'm really staggered!  
Excuse me, I'm going out!

(Exit GUIDO. *Music is a samba. GUIDO runs to CARLA's embrace*)

CARLA: I just love the clothes you brought me!

GUIDO: Ohhh, I'm so relieved! I hope it will make up for  
my not having been here.

CARLA: I don't think so.

GUIDO: Carla!

CARLA: No, get away, I'm very upset with you.

GUIDO: But darling! Angel of fire, light of my loins! Don't  
you think I'd have been here if I *could* have?

CARLA: What did she do? Have you followed?

GUIDO: This is not Luisa's fault! I've been working on a  
film. If I don't come up with an idea for it by tomorrow,  
guess what my producer has sworn she will do to me?  
(*Whispers to her. She stares, aghast*) So, you see, in  
a way I am working here for *both* of us. Now why don't  
you go and try on what I've brought? Maybe it'll give  
me an idea for a film—who knows?—stranger things  
have happened. I'm very desperate. Hurry, I don't have  
much time. Tomorrow rapidly approaches. Please!

(A church bell rings)

GUIDO'S MOTHER: (*To LUISA from another part of the stage*) Luisa, darling. There's something I've been meaning to ask you.

CARLA: (*To GUIDO*) You still haven't asked me about my news.

GUIDO'S MOTHER: (*Continuing to LUISA*) But how do you put up with Guido?

GUIDO: (*To CARLA*) What news?

GUIDO'S MOTHER: (*To LUISA*) Not that Guido isn't wonderful!

CARLA: The news I came to Venice to tell you about!

GUIDO: What news is that?

LUISA: (*To GUIDO'S MOTHER*) Guido's in a lot of trouble.

CARLA: (*Seeing that his mind is elsewhere*) I'll tell you later—when you're more interested.

(*She leaves as a nun crosses in the background, followed by four boys, LITTLE GUIDO among them. The women in GUIDO'S mind begin a Gregorian chant*)

CARLA: (*From offstage, ecstatically*) Oh, Guido! Whatever made you think of getting me this? It's very sexy! I've never worn anything like this in my life! I think you could be excommunicated for getting me a thing like this!

GUIDO: I'm glad you like it.

GUIDO'S MOTHER: (*To LUISA*) I left Guido's father once, you know. (*LUISA looks up, surprised*) Hardest thing

I ever did. Worst year of my life. Not something I would recommend.

CARLA: I just wish I could wear this out in public!

GUIDO'S MOTHER: (*To LUISA*) But sometimes you have no choice.

GUIDO: Actually, I was thinking you could wear it when you're out with me.

CARLA: (*Still offstage*) Guido, you're a genius!

GUIDO: Thank you.

CARLA: With me in this, we can be seen *anywhere* together!

GUIDO: I know. What a couple.

GUIDO'S MOTHER: (*To LUISA*) Afterwards, when we got back together, it was better, . . . I think.

CARLA: (*Entering in a nun's habit*) Hail Carla, full of grace!

GUIDO: (*Looking at Carla, with awe and lust*) Oh my God!

(*In the background, one of the four boys who followed the nun returns to seek a hole in the fence. It is LITTLE GUIDO*)

GUIDO'S MOTHER: (*To LUISA*) By the way, in case you're curious, I know where Guido's problems began.

GUIDO: (*As CARLA walks before him, unlike*) Yes . . . yes. Good!

GUIDO'S MOTHER: Maybe if I hadn't sent him to that parochial school!

LITTLE GUIDO: Come on! Let's go to the beach to see Sarraghina!

*(The other boys run to LITTLE GUIDO—"Sarraghina!" "Shh!" They begin crawling through the hole in the fence. SARRAGHINA, a voluptuous whore, appears)*

GUIDO'S MOTHER: But how was I to know? We were hoping he would be a priest, you see.

*(Both CARLA and SARRAGHINA are walking before GUIDO)*

GUIDO: Now stop. *(CARLA and SARRAGHINA obey)* Turn around. *(They both obey)* Lower your head. *(CARLA lowers her head as SARRAGHINA raises hers)* Modesty. Shyness. Innocence. Yes, that's it!

GUIDO'S MOTHER: But the school was near this beach, you see.

*(SARRAGHINA mimes sprinkling sand)*

GUIDO: There is something I would like you to tell me.

CARLA AND SARRAGHINA: *(Together)* What is that, my son?

GUIDO: Tell me about love!

*(The four boys start crawling through the scene)*

SARRAGHINA: So, you little Italian devils, you want to know about love? Sarraghina, she will tell you!

CARLA: My news is that Luigi has agreed to give me a

divorce! That means all you have to do is get *your* divorce, and then we're free to marry! Luigi's lawyer is sending me a letter that will make everything official! Well, what do you think?

GUIDO: I think this is how God meant life to be!

(CARLA smiles, thinking he is approving of her "news."  
GUIDO, in another world, smiles, crawls like the boys to watch SARRAGHINA)

SARRAGHINA, GUIDO, AND THE BOYS: (Sing "Be Italian")

YOU NEVER SAY "I LOVE YOU," IT'S TOO  
ENGLISH.  
DON'T LOVE LIKE THE INGLESII (NOT THE  
INGLESII)  
AND NEVER SAY "JE T'AIME", IT'S TOO PRETTY.  
IT'S GOOD FOR THE FRANCESII (FOR THE  
FRANCESII)  
IN DUTCH THEY SAY "IK LIEBE." THEY CAN  
KEEP IT  
WITH ALL THE HOLLANDESI (THE  
HOLLANDESI),  
BUT NOW I TEACH YOU THREE WORDS. YOU  
WILL LEARN THEM  
AND DRIVE YOUR WOMEN CRAZY.

TI VOGLIO BENE, YOU WILL SAY. IT MEANS "I  
WANT YOU EVERY DAY,"  
TI VOGLIO BENE.

GUIDO AND THE BOYS:

TI VOGLIO BENE.

SARRAGHINA:

TI VOGLIO BENE, YOU WILL LEARN MEANS

"EVERY NIGHT FOR YOU I BURN,"  
TI VOGLIO BENE.

GUIDO AND THE BOYS:

TI VOGLIO BENE.

SARRAGHINA:

NOW WHEN YOU GROW TO BE A MAN, YOU  
FOLLOW SARRAGHINA'S PLAN,  
TI VOGLIO BENE.

GUIDO AND THE BOYS:

TI VOGLIO BENE.

SARRAGHINA:

REMEMBER HOW I TAUGHT YOU FIRST THESE  
WORDS OF LOVE THAT WE REHEARSED,  
TI VOGLIO BENE.

GUIDO AND THE BOYS:

TI VOGLIO BENE.

SARRAGHINA:

BUT LOVE IS MORE THAN SPEAKING  
WHEN YOUR SPEAKING IS ALL THROUGH,  
COME HERE A LITTLE CLOSER,  
I WILL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO.

*(The boys edge closer. She holds one, then speaks)* You  
close your eyes. And if you want to make a woman  
happy, you rely on what you were born with. Because  
it is in your blood. *(She puts the boy on her lap and  
sings to him)*

BE ITALIAN, BE ITALIAN.  
TAKE A CHANCE AND TRY TO STEAL A FIERY  
KISS.  
BE ITALIAN, YOU RAPSCALLION.  
WHEN YOU HOLD ME, DON'T JUST HOLD ME  
BUT HOLD THIS!

*(She puts his hand on her breast. The boys all giggle. She sings to LITTLE GUIDO)*

PLEASE BE GENTLE, SENTIMENTAL,  
GO AHEAD AND TRY TO GIVE MY CHEEK A  
PAT,

*(LITTLE GUIDO pats her cheek; she embraces him)*

BUT BE DARING AND UNCARING.  
WHEN YOU PINCH ME, TRY TO PINCH ME  
WHERE THERE'S FAT.

*(She pinches his bottom. He runs, turns to listen)*

SARRAGHINA AND THE BOYS:

BE A SINGER (BE A SINGER), BE A LOVER (BE  
A LOVER)  
PICK THE FLOWER NOW BEFORE THE  
CHANCE IS PAST (BEFORE THE CHANCE IS  
PAST)  
BE ITALIAN (BE ITALIAN)  
YOU RAPSCALLION (YOU RAPSCALLION)  
LIVE TODAY AS IF IT MAY BECOME YOUR  
LAST!

*(The boys embrace SARRAGHINA, then run back to the hole in the fence, where their nun reprimands them for running off to SARRAGHINA. During this, GUIDO'S MOTHER has been speaking)*



GUIDO'S MOTHER: I still don't know how it could have happened—*nine years old!* My son goes to see a woman like that! Father Manfredi told me lots of the boys from St. Sebastian's went to visit her. Father Manfredi said she was the Devil!

LITTLE GUIDO: (*Receiving smack from nun*) I didn't know!  
I didn't know!

GUIDO: (*Sings "The Bells of St. Sebastian"*)

I REMEMBER ST. SEBASTIAN WITH A MEMORY  
MOST UNKIND.  
I CAN HEAR THE BELLS I HEARD WHEN I  
WENT THERE  
INSIDE THE CHURCH, INSIDE MY MIND.

THE BELLS OF ST. SEBASTIAN ONLY RING  
ONCE IN YOUR EARS,  
BUT IF YOU'RE VERY YOUNG WHEN YOU HEAR  
THEM,  
THEIR SOUND CAN LAST A HUNDRED YEARS.

BUT THE MUSIC OF THE RINGING  
WAS THE MUSIC OF OUR SINGING  
WHEN WE WERE SINGING KYRIE ELEISON,  
KYRIE ELEISON, KYRIE ELEISON  
EACH DAY AT LAUDS, EACH NIGHT AT  
VESPERS,  
FROM EVERY TOWER THE HOUR WOULD BE  
TOLLED  
FOR THOSE OF US AT ST. SEBASTIAN,  
NO LONGER YOUNG AND NOT YET OLD.

GUIDO'S MOTHER: But why did you go to this woman?

LITTLE GUIDO: To see what she was like!

GUIDO:

EACH DAY AT ST. SEBASTIAN  
IN THE CLASSROOM WE WOULD HEAR  
THAT DEVILS LURKED BEHIND EVERY  
CORNER.  
IF YOU TRIED TO LOOK, THEY WOULD  
DISAPPEAR.

THE NUNS AT ST. SEBASTIAN  
TRIED TO TEACH THE FACTS OF LIFE,  
EXPLAINING THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF  
WOMEN—  
ONE WAS A WHORE, ONE WAS A WIFE.  
BUT THE MUSIC OF THE RINGING  
WAS A DIFFERENT WORLD THAT OPENED  
THROUGH OUR SINGING.

ALL:

WHEN WE WERE SINGING KYRIE ELEISON,  
KYRIE ELEISON, KYRIE ELEISON,  
THEY RANG AT DAWN, THEY RANG AT  
MIDNIGHT.

GUIDO:

IN TONES WELL-ROUNDED THEY SOUNDED  
DOWN THE NAVE  
FOR ALL THE SOULS OF LITTLE BOYS AT ST.  
SEBASTIAN  
TOO YOUNG TO SAVE.

ALL:

KYRIE ELEISON, ELEISON, CHRISTI ELEISON,  
ELEISON.

GUIDO'S MOTHER: You've brought such shame on us!

LITTLE GUIDO: But Mama, I didn't know!

ALL:

FOR LUNCH AT ST. SEBASTIAN, COUNTRY  
CHEESE AND BUTTERED BREAD,  
A PRAYER WE NEVER LEARNED, SUNG IN  
LATIN,  
THEN A MIDDAY NAP IN A MAKESHIFT BED,  
THEN THE MUSIC OF THE RINGING,  
THEN THE MUSIC OF OUR SINGING,  
AND WE WERE SINGING KYRIE ELEISON,  
KYRIE ELEISON, KYRIE ELEISON.  
WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. THEY SHOULD  
HAVE WARNED US.

GUIDO:

AT ST. SEBASTIAN THEY NEVER SPARED THE  
ROD,  
BUT IN THE MUSIC OF THE BELLS AT ST.  
SEBASTIAN  
WE LOOKED FOR GOD.

(LITTLE GUIDO *sneaks away from the nuns*)

LITTLE GUIDO:

KYRIE ELEISON . . .

(*As the music continues, LITTLE GUIDO starts running*)

GUIDO'S MOTHER: Guido, where are you running to?

(LITTLE GUIDO *has run back to wave at SARRAGHINA. She returns his wave as the curtain falls to end Act One*)

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## ACT TWO



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## ACT TWO

(A beach, somewhere in Venice. GUIDO is with CLAUDIA.  
It is dusk)

CLAUDIA: Guido, why have you brought me to this beach?

GUIDO: (*Abstracted*) . . . What?

CLAUDIA: Guido, I've just flown in from Paris. I am extremely tired, hungry, cold. Where is my hotel?

GUIDO: I'll drive you there in a minute. I thought you'd first like to see this beach. An extraordinary woman once danced for me on a beach just like this.

CLAUDIA: Is that the woman I'm supposed to play in your film?

GUIDO: No. No-no!

CLAUDIA: Then why'd you think I'd want to see this beach?

GUIDO: Well I just thought you'd be interested. God, I love it when it's cold like this! The wind whipping in off the Adriatic! You really feel it! Right down to the bone!

CLAUDIA: (*Shivering*) Yes. Wonderful feeling. Guido, who do I play in this film?

GUIDO: A woman who heals.

CLAUDIA: (*Disappointed*) You mean like a nurse?

GUIDO: No, nothing like a nurse! Nurses heal the flesh! You . . . you . . .

CLAUDIA: I know. I heal the *spirit*.

GUIDO: Yes, that's it!

CLAUDIA: And how do I do this?

GUIDO: Well with, with . . .

CLAUDIA: Sorcery!

GUIDO: Exactly! God, I can't believe how suited you are for this role! I can see you in it now!

CLAUDIA: Guido, this is the part I played in "The Garden of Earthly Delights."

GUIDO: Yes, well that was a long time ago. Let me remind you, it was a very big hit! Visconti never had a hit like that!

CLAUDIA: It's also the role I played in "Nightmare Cathedral."

GUIDO: An even bigger hit.

CLAUDIA: And in "Via Veneto."

GUIDO: Biggest hit of all! You see? This role is made for you!

CLAUDIA: I don't want to play it anymore.

GUIDO: But you've got to! I haven't had a hit like those in years!

CLAUDIA: Of course you have.

GUIDO: No-no, not really. My last three have been outright flops. Producers are not exactly knocking down my door. I've lost something, I don't know what. But I know you can help me find it.

CLAUDIA: Inspiration.

GUIDO: Yes!

CLAUDIA: Guido, I was never your inspiration. That's what you imagine, but it was always you. I can't play this role for you anymore. I've got my own life to think about.

GUIDO: This role made you a star!

CLAUDIA: Guido, I am not a spirit. I am real. I have a life you know nothing about. And have never shown the slightest interest in. I shouldn't have come here.

GUIDO: So why did you? . . . You came because I understand you like no other person does.

CLAUDIA: You don't understand me at all!

GUIDO: That just shows how much you know about yourself.

CLAUDIA: Guido, you have invented me! No such person exists!

GUIDO: In my mind she exists. On the screen she exists. And now, everywhere, in people's dreams, she exists.

CLAUDIA: I came because Luisa asked me to come.

GUIDO: . . . What?

CLAUDIA: She called me in Paris. She said she didn't think she could help you anymore. She thought maybe I could. Well, I can't.

GUIDO: Look, I'll change the role. You'll play a different role.

CLAUDIA: It wouldn't work.

GUIDO: Why?

CLAUDIA: Because I can't go through this kind of relationship with you again. It takes too much out of me. And Luisa is your wife. Excuse me, I'm going back to the car. (*She starts off*)

GUIDO: Claudia, I love you!

CLAUDIA: (*Stopping; to herself*) Oh my God.

GUIDO: It's true. And you know it's true. Why are you laughing?

CLAUDIA: I'm not laughing.

GUIDO: I can see your back moving up and down. Of course you're laughing! My life's falling apart, my career is crumbling, I tell you that I love you, and you're standing there laughing . . . !

CLAUDIA: (*Sings "A Man Like You"*)

A MAN LIKE YOU  
ONE WOMAN'S NOT ENOUGH FOR YOU, GUIDO.



GUIDO:

ONE'S PLENTY IF SHE'S YOU, CLAUDIA.

CLAUDIA:

NOT TRUE,  
YOU NEED TWO, GUIDO,  
MY CHARMING CASANOVA.

GUIDO:

CASANOVA? . . . ME?

CLAUDIA:

MAYBE EVEN THREE, GUIDO.

GUIDO: (*Speaks*) Casanova? . . . *Casanova!* (*Sings*)

ME . . . CASANOVA!

(*He sits and ponders the idea she has just given him*)

CLAUDIA: (*Seeing he's lost in himself, she sings "An Unusual Way"*)

IN A VERY UNUSUAL WAY, ONE TIME I  
NEEDED YOU.  
IN A VERY UNUSUAL WAY, YOU WERE MY  
FRIEND.  
MAYBE IT LASTED A DAY, MAYBE IT LASTED  
AN HOUR,  
BUT SOMEHOW IT WILL NEVER END.

IN A VERY UNUSUAL WAY, I THINK I'M IN  
LOVE WITH YOU.  
IN A VERY UNUSUAL WAY, I WANT TO CRY.

SOMETHING INSIDE ME GOES WEAK,  
SOMETHING INSIDE ME SURRENDERS,  
AND YOU'RE THE REASON WHY,  
YOU'RE THE REASON WHY.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DO TO ME. YOU  
DON'T HAVE A CLUE.  
YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ME  
LOOKING AT YOU.  
IT SCARES ME SO THAT I CAN HARDLY SPEAK.

IN A VERY UNUSUAL WAY, I OWE WHAT I AM  
TO YOU.  
THOUGH AT TIMES IT APPEARS I WON'T STAY,  
I NEVER GO.  
SPECIAL TO ME IN MY LIFE, SINCE THE FIRST  
DAY THAT I MET YOU.  
HOW COULD I EVER FORGET YOU, ONCE YOU  
HAD TOUCHED MY SOUL?

IN A VERY UNUSUAL WAY, YOU'VE MADE ME  
WHOLE.

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: With the arrival of film star Claudia  
Nardi, there was no question but that suddenly he  
seemed stronger.

LILIANE: Continil! The crew arrives tomorrow!

GUIDO: (*Sings*)

I AM READY!

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: For his cast, he hired everyone at  
the spa. But I mistrusted his apparent strength. Vic-  
tories of the kind he needed aren't won so easily.

GUIDO: Luisa, my angel, light of my life, I am about to

enter a realm I have never dared enter before. Wish  
me luck! (*To himself*) Casanova! What an ideal

(CLAUDIA and GUIDO sing duet)

GUIDO:

CLAUDIA:

OH . . .

WHAT YOU HAVE  
DONE FOR ME.

AS ALWAYS BEFORE,  
SPECIAL TO ME

SINCE THAT FIRST  
DAY.

IN A VERY UNUSUAL  
WAY

I OWE WHAT I AM TO  
YOU.

THOUGH AT TIMES IT  
APPEARS I WON'T  
STAY,  
I NEVER GO.

SPECIAL TO ME IN MY  
LIFE,  
SINCE THE FIRST  
DAY THAT I MET  
YOU.

GUIDO AND CLAUDIA:

HOW COULD I EVER FORGET YOU, ONCE YOU  
HAD TOUCHED MY SOUL?  
IN A VERY UNUSUAL WAY, YOU'VE MADE ME  
WHOLE.

(GUIDO calls in a silk curtain that masks the stage)

GUIDO: (*Sings "The Grand Canal"*)

CONTINI SUBMITS THAT THE FLOPS AREN'T  
HITS  
BECAUSE NO ONE IS WILLING TO FILM A  
ROMANTIC SPECTACULAR  
THAT'LL USE THE VERNACULAR.

AND HE SAYS FURTHERMORE THAT THE  
PRESENT'S A BORE,  
BUT HISTORICALLY SPEAKING, MORE  
INTERESTING SUBJECTS ARE MYRIAD  
IN A PERIOD. PERIOD!

CONTINI CONTENDS THAT THE PAST  
MAKES THE PRESENT LOOK DULL AND HALF-  
ASSED.  
LET OTHER DIRECTORS INVESTIGATE  
SECTORS  
OF IMAGE AND MEANING ONCE COMMONLY  
THOUGHT OF AS CURRENT  
'CAUSE THEY AREN'T—AND WEREN'T.

CONTINI SUGGESTS THAT TODAY'S NOT THE  
BEST,  
BUT THAT YESTERDAY'S BETTER AND LONGER  
AGO IS STILL BETTERER  
ET CETERA, ET CETERA.

AND NOW I HAVE FOUND THE RIGHT  
LOCATION  
THAT PERFECTLY SUITS THIS NEW CREATION,  
A PICTURE SO BROAD AND SERPENTINING  
THAT IT WILL CONTAIN A WORLD OF  
MEANING,  
AND IT'S ALREADY HERE IN FRONT OF MY  
NOSE.  
THIS IS THE ANSWER TO WHAT I PROPOSE.  
VENICE BY DAY, VENICE BY NIGHT,  
RIGHT WHERE I AM IS TERRIFICALLY RIGHT.

*(Speaks)* Everybody on the set for rehearsal with lights!

*(Curtain opens to reveal THE SPA PEOPLE as GUIDO's Venetian Company)*

GUIDO AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing*)

THIS IS THE GRAND CANAL.  
ITS RESEMBLANCE TO LIFE IS NOT OBSCURE.  
IT IS FILLED WITH THE MILK OF HUMAN  
KINDNESS  
IN SPITE OF THE FACT IT'S REALLY A SEWER,  
BUT DON'T LET THAT SPOIL YOUR MORALE.  
IT'S A GRAND CANAL.

GUIDO:

THIS IS A GONDOLIER.  
SEEKING LOVE IS THE CENTER OF HIS LIFE,  
BUT HE NEVER WILL GO AS FAR AS  
WEDLOCK.  
THAT WOULD REALLY ANNOY HIS PRESENT  
WIFE.  
HE STRUMS HIS PLAINTIVE PASTORALE

ALL:

ON THE GRAND CANAL.

LOOK AT THE PEOPLE IN THE SQUARE,  
LOOK AT THE STEEPLE IN THE AIR.  
CAN YOU DENY THAT IT'S A STUNNING VIEW?  
FACES ARE BRIMMING WITH DELIGHT,  
CHILDREN ARE SWIMMING LATE AT NIGHT.  
WHY DON'T YOU TRY THAT? IT IS FUN,  
AND WHO CAN IT HARM TO FEEL ITS  
CHARM?

ROW ME, ROW ME DOWN THE GRAND CANAL,  
ROW ME WITH MY GAL  
ROW ME, ROW ME, DOWN THE GRAND CANAL,  
BE MY BOSOM PAL, ON THE GRAND CANAL.

GUIDO:

AND HERE IS A COURTESAN (SHE IS A  
COURTESAN).  
IT'S A SHAME PEOPLE THINK THAT SHE'S A  
LEECH.  
TRUE, SHE ONCE IN A WHILE DESTROYS A  
MARRIAGE,  
BUT OTHER THAN THAT SHE'S REALLY A  
PEACH,  
SWEET AS THE SWEETEST MADRIGAL  
ON THE GRAND CANAL.

GUIDO: All right, everybody, get out of the water! Fräuleins, get your tambourines, get ready for the next scene! (*Seeing CLAUDIA in her costume*) Ah, Claudia! Sei bellissima! La costuma e perfetta!

(CLAUDIA and GUIDO argue, dialogue overlapping)

CLAUDIA: (*Starting to undress*) You think so? Well, I don't want to wear this costume! You know why? Because this is the costume I wore in "Via Veneto." Also "The Garden of Earthly Delights." Also "Nightmare Cathedral"!

GUIDO: Ma che dici? Questo e un costume bellissimo! Fantastico! Incredible! (*As CLAUDIA tears off her costume, throwing it on ground*) What are you doing? Stop that!

CLAUDIA: Guido, you promised me another role! That's why I agreed to stay! I won't play this role anymore! (*She storms off*)

GUIDO: (*Calling off*) All right, all right! I'll give you a different role! You can play Beatrice, Casanova's wife. It's a wonderful role, very challenging.

(CLAUDIA *re-enters*)

CLAUDIA: Va bene! (*She exits*)

GUIDO: (*In mocking imitation*) Va bene! (*Picks up costume*) Five million lire!

(SPA PEOPLE *pass, rehearsing a number. As they pass, GUIDO convinces LILIANE to wear CLAUDIA's discarded costume, then runs to kiss LUISA, then returns to the GERMANS, who are entering with tambourines*)

GUIDO: Fräuleins, grazie. This is a very sexy Italian dance. It is called the tarantella . . .

GERMANS: Tar-an-tella . . .

GUIDO: . . . Yes. And it's in celebration of the bite of the Devil. Watch carefully. (*He plays the Sarraghina rhythms with a tambourine*) You do it!

(*The GERMANS give it a try; not too good*)

GUIDO: (*To audience*) Numerous rehearsals later.

(SPA PEOPLE *rush on and join the GERMANS in the Sarraghina tambourine routine. Suddenly CARLA enters with divorce papers, wending her way through the rehearsal, ending up near LUISA. GUIDO sees her and snatches her away from LUISA. A violent argument ensues under the music and dancing*)

GUIDO: (*Snatching CARLA and divorce papers*) What the hell are you doing here? What is that? *Divorce?* I said nothing about a divorce! I'm not leaving my wife! Are you crazy?

(GUIDO *throws down the divorce papers and goes back to*

*the rehearsal. CARLA is in shock. She slowly picks up the papers as—)*

GUIDO AND SPA PEOPLE:

THIS IS THE GRAND CANAL.  
ITS RESEMBLANCE TO LIFE IS NOT OBSCURE.  
IT IS FILLED WITH THE MILK OF HUMAN  
KINDNESS  
IN SPITE OF THE FACT IT'S REALLY A SEWER.

ALL:

BUT DON'T LET THAT SPOIL YOUR MORALE.  
IT'S A GRAND CANAL.

GUIDO: Everybody, change your costumes for the boudoir rehearsal!

*(He and the others exit. CARLA, stunned and humiliated, tries to smooth the crumpled divorce papers. SPA LADY enters in boudoir costume)*

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: *(Sings)*

EVERY GIRL IN VENICE IS IN LOVE WITH  
CASANOVA.  
EVERY GIRL HAS KISSED HIM ONCE OR  
TWICE.  
EVERY GIRL IN VENICE IS IN LOVE WITH  
CASANOVA  
AS LONG AS CASANOVA PAYS HER PRICE.  
EVERY GIRL IN VENICE IS EXPECTING  
CASANOVA.  
EVERY GIRL IS COMBING OUT HER HAIR

*(Other SPA PEOPLE begin joining her, as they enter in their boudoir costumes)*



OUR LADY OF THE SPA AND SPA PEOPLE:

COUNTING EVERY MINUTE TILL THEY SEE  
THEIR CASANOVA  
AND STARING OUT THEIR WINDOWS  
EVERYWHERE.  
EVERY GIRL IN VENICE WANTS TO HEAR  
FROM CASANOVA.  
SHE WILL BE THE ONLY GIRL FOR HIM.  
EVERY GIRL IS GRINNING EAR TO EAR FOR  
CASANOVA  
AND WAITING TO ATTEND HIS EVERY  
WHIM . . .

*(Enter GUIDO as CASANOVA)*

GUIDO-CASANOVA: *(Sings)*

I, CASANOVA, HAVE COME TO VENICE

*(Indicating CLAUDIA)*

WITH MY DEAR WIFE BEATRICE, MI AMORE,  
HERE TO TAKE A REST, ENJOY THE WATERS  
AND THE FOOD,  
AND BE WITH HER, THE APPLE OF MY CUORE.

MAMA MADDELENA: *(As "CARLA"-MARIA)*

CASANOVA!

GUIDO-CASANOVA:

MARIA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MADDELENA-MARIA:

I'M STAYING AT THE HOSTELERIA  
CALDISSIMA, NUMERO VENTI, VENTI.

DROP BY TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK, I'LL GIVE  
YOU PLENTY!

GUIDO-CASANOVA:

I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MY GOOD FORTUNE  
STILL DOES SERVE ME.  
SO MUCH ROMANCE AT HAND, I REALLY  
DON'T DESERVE ME.

*(Sings with BOUDOIR LADIES)*

AMOR, I LOVE THEM ALL, EVERY BEAUTY,  
SHORT OR TALL, THERE'S A DUTY  
TO MAKE LOVE TO EACH AND ALL.  
AMOR, IT'S MY PROFOUND OBLIGATION  
TO GO ROUND EVERY NATION  
AND MAKE LOVE TO ONE AND ALL.  
YES, I HAVE LIVED AND BREATHED AND  
SLEPT AMOR.  
I FREELY GIVE AND DO ACCEPT AMOR.  
BIG AMOR, SMALL AMOR, ALL MY LIFE HAS  
BEEN AMOR.  
I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WHAT I AM LIVING  
FOR—AMOR!  
BUT ALAS, I AM DISTRESSED BY ALL THIS  
BEAUTY FINE  
IF I MUST CHOOSE JUST ONE CONCUBINE.

*(All leave to change for next scene. STEPHANIE the critic,  
who's been watching, steps forward)*

STEPHANIE:

CONTINI CAN'T SERIOUSLY BELIEVE WE WILL  
ACCEPT  
THIS FATUOUS RENDERING OF A  
SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY OPERA AS AN  
EXCUSE FOR A MOVIE.

NO WAY, NO WAY, NO WAY!

(*Enter GUIDO'S MOTHER*)

GUIDO'S MOTHER:

IF ONLY GUIDO HAD BECOME A PRIEST OR A  
LAWYER,  
BUT NO, HE MAKES THESE FILMS I CAN'T  
EXPLAIN TO MY FRIENDS.

(*Steps aside, away from the action*)

GUIDO: (*Running into place for scene with BEATRICE,  
MARIA, and LILIANE*) Places, places, hurry, hurry!  
(GUIDO "*shoots himself*" as if with a gun, collapses)

CLAUDIA: (*As BEATRICE*)

CASANOVA, YOU MUST RELAX.  
YOU WILL EXHAUST YOURSELF AND SOON  
BECOME TOO STANCO.  
LOOK, I HAVE PREPARED A PICNIC BASKET,  
PROSCIUTTO, OLIVES,  
AND OF COURSE YOUR FAVORITE  
VINO-BIANCO.

(*LUISA stares in horror*)

GUIDO-CASANOVA:

BEATRICE . . . BEATRICE . . .  
ONLY YOU WILL I EVER SEE,  
FOREVER WILL YOU BE MY TRUE LOVE.  
I'LL FORSWEAR ALL OTHERS FOR THEE,  
NO, NEVER WILL I HAVE A NEW LOVE.  
NO NEW LOVE, NO NEW LOVE,  
AND YOU WILL BE MY TRUE LOVE.

---

GUIDO-CASANOVA AND CLAUDIA-BEATRICE:

NO NEW LOVE, NO NEW LOVE,  
AND YOU WILL BE MY TRUE LOVE.

BOUDOIR NUNS:

CASANOVA TAKES A VOW, TELLING BEATRICE  
NOW  
THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER WOMAN IN  
IN HIS LIFE BUT HER,  
NOW UNTIL FOREVERMORE.

MADDELENA-MARIA: (*Repeating CARLA'S "Vatican"  
moves*) Casanova!

GUIDO-CASANOVA: Maria! (*To MARIA*)

ONLY YOU CAN STIR IN MY BREAST THE FIRE  
OF AN ENDLESS PASSION.  
LATE TONIGHT I'LL BE IN YOUR BED. EXPECT  
ME IN THE USUAL FASHION.  
OUR FASHION, OUR FASHION, AH, FIRE OF AN  
ENDLESS PASSION.

GUIDO-CASANOVA AND MADDELENA-MARIA:

OUR FASHION, OUR FASHION, AH, FIRE OF AN  
ENDLESS PASSION.

(*A trio of BOUDOIR NUNS*)

CASANOVA BREAKS A VOW. WHERE IS  
BEATRICE NOW?  
THERE WAS NOT TO BE ANOTHER WOMAN IN  
HIS LIFE BUT HER,  
NOW UNTIL FOREVERMORE, EVERMORE.

(*Enter LILIANE in CLAUDIA'S discarded costume*)

LILIANE: Casanova!

(GUIDO goes to her. Note that both LUISA and CARLA have observed the last "scene," a mockery of their relationship with GUIDO)

GUIDO: (*Speaks*) Claudietta! (*Abandons MARIA and sings to LILIANE—"CLAUDIA"*)

ONLY YOU BRING OUT FROM MY SOUL  
THE POETRY THAT I HAVE WRITTEN.  
NOT ONE LINE WOULD I HAVE COMPOSED  
IF I HAD NOT BY YOU BEEN SMITTEN.

(*He snaps fingers for snow effect, and re-enacts his love scene with CLAUDIA from "Only with You"*)

CLAUDIA-BEATRICE: (*Angry at seeing the farce*)  
Guido . . . ! (*GUIDO goes to kiss the hand of CLAUDIA—"LUISA"*)

LUISA: (*Totally humiliated; has seen enough, sings*)

GUIDO . . . NO . . . !

(*They fight as the SPA PEOPLE begin to enter for the film's "finale," to harsh tarantella music*)

GUIDO: Luisa, ma che cosa?

LUISA: Come hai potuto fare una cosa cosi?

GUIDO: Che cosa? Che dice?

LUISA: You've made a joke of my love!

GUIDO: Ah, Luisa, tu drammatizzi troppo!

LUISA: Guido, mi senti ridicola! Davanti tutti!

GUIDO: Luisa, it's only a farce!

LUISA: MY LIFE IS NOT A FARCE!

GUIDO: (*Trying to quiet her*) Luisa, it's only a film! Solo un film!

LUISA: Ah—solo un film.

GUIDO: Luisa, you're taking this too seriously. Look. You feel betrayed? I'll cut the scene from the film!

LUISA: (*Hand on heart*) But not from *here*!

GUIDO: Luisa, listen to me! As an artist I have to use everything in my life! Everything!

LUISA: Fine! Use it! But use it well! (*She runs off*)

GUIDO: Luisa!

LUISA: Go to hell!

(GUIDO, about to rush after her, cannot because the finale has begun and he must join in. LUISA sobs in a corner. CARLA stares aghast from another corner. GUIDO tries to act as if all is well)

GUIDO AND SPA PEOPLE: (*Sing "Finale"*)

THIS IS THE GRAND	( I LOVE IT, I LOVE	( ROW ME, ROW
CANAL,	IT )	ME )
THIS IS THE GRAND	( I LOVE IT, I DO )	( ROW ME, ROW
CANAL.		ME )
ITS RESEMBLANCE	( ON THE GRAND )	( DOWN THE GRAND
TO LIFE		CANAL )
IS NOT OBSCURE.	( CANAL. )	( ROW ME WITH
		MY GAL. )
IT IS FILLED WITH	( I LOVE IT )	( ROW ME )
THE MILK		

OF HUMAN	(I LOVE IT)	(ROW ME)
KINDNESS		
IN SPITE OF THE	(I'M HAPPY WITH	(DOWN THE GRAND
FACT	YOU)	CANAL)
IT'S REALLY A	(ON THE GRAND	(BE MY BOSOM
SEWER.	CANAL.)	PAL.)

BUT DON'T LET THAT SPOIL YOUR MORALE.  
IT'S STILL A GRAND  
CANAL . . . !

GUIDO: Cut! Print!

*(Exit all but GUIDO and OUR LADY OF THE SPA)*

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: As far as I could see, his creative life had become, by now, so closely bound to his personal that once his personal life began to fall apart, his creative had to fall apart as well; there was just no separation anymore.

GUIDO: Luisa?

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: La sua signora non e qui.

GUIDO: Claudia?

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: La Signora Nardi non e qui.

GUIDO: Carla?

OUR LADY OF THE SPA: She's at the station.

GUIDO: Carla, listen, there's been a misunderstanding here!

CARLA: I agree.

GUIDO: No-no, listen, that isn't what I mean! Look, I love

you very much! Why complicate this love? What's between you and me is so simple!

CARLA: Sure, Guido. Simple. (*She sings "Simple"*)

SIMPLE THESE AFFAIRS THAT TOUCH THE  
HEART,  
SIMPLE ARE THE WAYS OF LOVE,  
SIMPLE AS THE TOUCH OF ANOTHER'S HAND,  
SIMPLE ENOUGH FOR ANYONE TO  
UNDERSTAND  
BUT YOU . . .

GUIDO: Carla! Carlissima!

CARLA:

SIMPLE ARE THE WAYS WE COME APART,  
SIMPLE AS A BABE IS NEW,  
SIMPLE AS A TREE, AND AS SIMPLE AS A  
CLOUD,  
IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THE SIMPLEST THINGS  
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN,  
SIMPLE AS THE SUN AND THE MOON AND  
THE STARS IN THE SKY,  
SIMPLE ARE THE WAYS WE SAY GOODBYE.

(*Enter CLAUDIA*)

CLAUDIA: I live in Paris with a man named Michel  
Boulon . . .

CARLA:

SIMPLE THESE AFFAIRS THAT TOUCH THE  
HEART . . .

CLAUDIA: Michel is fifty-three. He's an investment banker.



He's very handsome, charming, wealthy. The house we live in overlooks Parc Monceau.

CARLA:

. . . SIMPLE ARE THE WAYS OF LOVE . . .

CLAUDIA: When I'm not making a film, I get up around seven-thirty, have breakfast with Michel, then walk, if the weather's good, to the Studio Waker in Place Clichy, where I take a dance class. For lunch, I generally eat in a small bar in the basement of the school. After lunch I take an acting class.

CARLA:

. . . SIMPLE AS A TREE . . .

CLAUDIA: (*Coldly*) Acting is what I care about, Guido. And Michel understands. Michel does not distract me. I've made choices in my life. I know what I want.

CARLA:

. . . SIMPLE ARE THE WAYS WE SAY GOODBYE.

CLAUDIA: Ciao, Guido. (CLAUDIA *exits*)

CARLA: Ciao, Guido. (CARLA *exits*)

GUIDO: Luisa!

LUISA: (*Sings "Be on Your Own"*)

BE ON YOUR OWN.  
YOU'VE ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT YOUR NEED  
TO TRAVEL,  
NOW GO OFF AND UNRAVEL ON YOUR OWN.  
GO FIND SOME RESTAURANT ATTENDANT,

GO SHOW HER HOW INDEPENDENT YOU HAVE  
GROWN.  
GO ON . . .  
BE ON YOUR WAY.  
THERE'S NOT A SINGLE REASON I CAN FIND  
TO MAKE ME WANT TO KEEP YOU ONE MORE  
DAY.  
THERE ISN'T ANY SORT OF WORD THAT YOU  
CAN SAY,  
THERE ISN'T ANY SORT OF PRICE THAT YOU  
COULD PAY.  
THERE ISN'T ANY SORT OF MAGIC  
TO AVOID THIS TRAGICOMIC LITTLE PLAY.  
WE NEED TO PLAY,  
BE ON YOUR WAY,  
GO ON.  
NO NEED TO CARRY OUT THIS MASQUERADE  
WHEN ALL THAT WE'RE ABOUT'S BEGUN TO  
FADE.

I SET YOU FREE.  
THERE'S NOT MUCH LONGER TO COMPLAIN.  
I'LL SOON RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR PAIN.  
WHEN I SET YOU FREE  
IF THAT IS ALL YOU WISH TO HAVE, THEN I  
AGREE.  
NO NEED FOR THANKS, YOUR JUST REWARDS  
WILL BE MY FEE,  
GO OFF AND LIVE YOUR PETTY FICTIONS  
FULL OF BLATANT CONTRADICTIONS YOU  
CAN'T SEE,  
AND WHAT WILL BE  
IS THAT YOU'LL LEAVE  
AND YOU'LL TAKE WITH YOU ALL YOU OWN  
FROM A TO Z  
. . . AND ALL OF ME.

(Exit LUISA)

GUIDO:

NOT SINCE CHARLIE CHAPLIN  
HAS THERE EVER BEEN A FILM DIRECTOR  
LIKE THIS  
GUIDO CONTINI.

EVERYTHING HE DOES GETS WORLD  
ATTENTION,  
WHETHER IT'S A HIT OR A MISS,  
GUIDO CONTINI.

HE WRITES THE SCRIPT . . .

*(For the first time in the show, GUIDO is alone on stage.  
He sits in despair, then sings "I Can't Make This Movie")*

I CAN'T MAKE THIS MOVIE, THERE'S NO WAY  
THAT I'LL COMPLETE IT.  
I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE THE CAMERAS ROLL.  
PROBLEM IS THE SUBJECT, THERE'S NO  
PLEASANT WAY TO TREAT IT.  
PROBLEM IS THE AUTHOR'S LOST CONTROL.  
HOW I WISH IT DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SO,  
BUT WE CUT THE LOSSES—STARTING NOW  
STRIKE THE SET AND KEEP IT FOR SOME  
SIDESHOW.  
TELL THE CAST AND CREW THAT THEY CAN  
ALL GO.

FIND ANOTHER GENIUS, I CAN'T BE ONE OR  
BECOME ONE.  
I CAN'T EVEN TELL HOW I'D BEGIN.  
HELP LUISA, HELP ME, HELP ME MAMA, HELP  
ME SOMEONE.  
HERE'S A PLACE WHERE I HAVE NEVER BEEN.

GUIDO OUT IN SPACE WITH NO DIRECTION,  
GUIDO AT A LOSS FOR WHAT TO SAY,

GUIDO WITH NO INTERVENING ACTORS,  
GUIDO AT THE MERCY OF DETRACTORS,  
GUIDO HERE WITH NO ONE ELSE BUT GUIDO  
THIS DAY!

*(Enter LILIANE, STEPHANIE, and LINA. They cross behind the forlorn GUIDO)*

STEPHANIE: All in all, I think what's happened is for the best. Certainly, if he hadn't shot himself, the critics would have shot him down. No, this film was a disaster. Superficial, salacious, self-serving, self-indulgent . . . I'm amazed he had the perception to see all that. Good thing you insured his life!

*(Exeunt, LINA leaving a pistol near him before she goes)*

GUIDO: Is this part of my film, or isn't it?

*(Enter GUIDO'S MOTHER)*

GUIDO'S MOTHER: Guido!

GUIDO: Mama! . . . Oh Mama, am I glad to see you!  
You've no idea how much you've been on my mind!

GUIDO'S MOTHER: And you on mine. Guido, listen, darling, bad news: you're going to die. *(GUIDO keels over)*  
Guido, get up. I didn't say you were going to die right away.

GUIDO: *(Sitting up)* You didn't?

GUIDO'S MOTHER: No . . . Of course, that doesn't mean I know *when* your death's been planned.

GUIDO: It's been *planned*?

GUIDO'S MOTHER: Oh, everything's planned up here.  
Planned very carefully.

GUIDO: Listen, does this plan, by any chance, have something to do with how one's films are doing?

GUIDO'S MOTHER: No, I don't think so . . . Though frankly, from what I've seen of this film you've been working on, death might be the best way out.

GUIDO: Mama! How can you say a thing like that?

MAMA: I hope you don't have any of your own money in it.

GUIDO: Mama, are you joking?

MAMA: No, the film is terrible, and you're going to die. I don't believe the two are related.

GUIDO: If the film was good, would I live?

MAMA: Really, I don't think it has anything to do with that. Your death is your death. I saw it in the books . . . in the "Inevitable Column."

GUIDO: I'm told they occasionally revise that.

MAMA: Oh no, I don't think so.

GUIDO: (*Furious*) Why didn't you warn me about this when I was young?

MAMA: I didn't want to spoil your childhood.

GUIDO: Now you're spoiling my old age!

MAMA: You're not old yet. Pray God you get there. Anyway, that's the news from up above. Shape up!

*(Exit GUIDO'S MOTHER)*

GUIDO: Mama, wait! Wait! What's it like up there? Mama, what's it like? . . . I wish she hadn't come . . . It's certainly not a bad idea for a film: the last days of a director's once brilliant career. Takes place in a spa . . . And at the end . . .

*(He picks up the pistol LINA has left, puts the pistol to his temple, and then collapses onto his back)*

*(Enter LITTLE GUIDO)*

GUIDO: *(Sings)*

GUIDO . . . GUIDO . . .

*(GUIDO rises, looks disgustedly at the ineffective pistol)*

SCRAPING KNEES, TYING SHOES,  
STARTING SCHOOL, PAYING DUES,  
FINDING THERE'S NO WAY  
WE CAN SPEND A LIFETIME PLAYING BALL,  
PART OF GETTING TALL.

*(LITTLE GUIDO approaches the slumped figure of GUIDO)*

LEARNING MORE, KNOWING LESS,  
SIMPLE WORDS, TENDERNESS,  
PART OF GETTING TALL.

*(He sits with GUIDO)*

GUIDO, YOU'RE NOT CRAZY, YOU'RE ALL  
RIGHT.  
EVERYONE WANTS EVERYONE IN SIGHT.  
BUT KNOWING YOU HAVE NO ONE IF YOU TRY  
TO HAVE THEM ALL

IS PART OF TYING SHOES, PART OF STARTING  
SCHOOL,  
PART OF SCRAPING KNEES IF WE SHOULD  
FALL  
. . . PART OF GETTING TALL.

(YOUNG GUIDO *pushes* GUIDO to his feet, gives GUIDO his baton. GUIDO looks to the front, conjuring up the people in his mind . . . THE GERMANS, ITALIANS, THE WOMEN WHO KNEW HIM, OUR LADY OF THE SPA, STEPHANIE, MAMA, CLAUDIA, CARLA, GONDOLIERS, LILIANE, LINA, SARRAGHINA, LITTLE ITALIANS. When they are assembled in their original places, he starts to "conduct his orchestra" . . . but sees one empty place . . . LUISA's)

GUIDO: (*Sings*)

GUIDO CONTINI, LUISA DEL FORNO,  
ACTRESS WITH DREAMS AND A LIFE OF HER  
OWN,  
PASSIONATE, WILD, AND IN LOVE IN LIVORNO,  
SINGING TOGETHER ALL NIGHT ON THE  
PHONE . . .

LUISA: (*Appearing in the distance*)

LONG AGO . . .

GUIDO:

SOMEONE ELSE AGO,  
HOW I NEED YOU SO,  
AND I'VE BEEN THE LAST TO KNOW IT . . .

(*He beckons to* LITTLE GUIDO)

GUIDO . . . CARO MIO . . .  
TIME TO GO OFF ON MY OWN.  
YOU BELONG IN YOUR MOTHER'S ARMS.

EACH OF US IN OUR PLACE, WE'LL BE FINE.  
I'LL BE FORTY AND YOU'LL BE . . .

YOUNG GUIDO:

YOU'LL BE FORTY AND I'LL BE . . .

GUIDO AND YOUNG GUIDO:

. . . NINE.

(GUIDO gives the baton to YOUNG GUIDO, watches the boy  
begin to "conduct the orchestra of women")

WOMEN: (*Melody of "Be Italian"*)

LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA  
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA

LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA  
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA . . .

(GUIDO sees LUISA in the distance, runs to embrace her,  
as YOUNG GUIDO "conducts")

LA LA LA LA, LA LA LA LA  
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA!

(*And the curtain falls*)